JOHN BULL

Vol. V. No. 121. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1908 ONE PENNY.

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I sent always

No. 113349

For meaning of this number see Pg. 268.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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You & I.

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ONE AND ALL.

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Edited by EDWIN S. R. SMITH.

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Vol. V. No. 121. Saturday, September 26th, 1908. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The King as usual, has done the right thing, and his telegram to the Sultan will go far to cement the increasing friendship between England and Turkey. Why should not His Majesty go a step further and take a trip to Constantinople, where he would be welcomed with a wondrous outburst of enthusiasm?

We recently predicted a sensational development in the Sevenoaks murder case. It has come. General Luard has committed suicide, a Coroner's jury has found that he did so "in a state of temporary insanity," and the finding is in accordance with the evidence. It may not be generally known that in earlier life General Luard was subject to mental attacks that not infrequently indicate incipient insanity. Thus an officer who was stationed at Gibraltar in 1882 remembers a curious instance of loss of memory of which the then Colonel Luard was the victim. One night he was found wandering in an aimless fashion under the Flagstaff battery. On being accosted by a sentry it was discovered that he had lost all sense of his identity, and four days elapsed before he was in a condition to return to duty. It became known on this occasion that Colonel Luard's previous medical history had recorded other seizures of a like nature. In Colonel Warde's opinion, as given in evidence, General Luard's suicide was the result of a sudden and overmastering impulse, and he had no thought of seeking so dreadful an issue from his afflictions until the last hours of his life.

We agree with the Coroner that the suicide was induced by the abominable conduct of the malignant and cowardly busybodies who, under the shelter of anonymity, wrote charging him, either by direct accusation, or innuendo, with the murder of his wife. "I thought my strength was strong enough," wrote General Luard to Colonel Warde, "to bear up against the horrible imputations in letters which I have received since that awful crime was committed which robbed me of my happiness. And so it was for long, and the kindness and sympathy of so many friends kept me going on somehow. But in the last day or two something seems to have snapped. The strength has left me, and I care for nothing except to join her again." Something seems to have snapped! Said the Coroner, "I thought it was my duty to make some kind of reference to the many reports and base insinuations in the form of anonymous letters which have been sent to General Luard suggesting almost that he is responsible for the death of his wife. These letters have been innumerable." Base indeed!

> We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin
> at a brother's shame;
> However we brave it out, we men are a litt'e
> breed.

The spinners have given in and agreed to an unconditional reduction of 5 per cent. in wages as from January 1st next. Unfortunately the Cardroom Workers' Association have not agreed, and there is a lock-out. The latter organisation did not refuse to consent to the masters' terms, but their representatives held that they could not assent without a ballot, and the employers refused to grant the fortnight's delay necessary. And so 40,000,000 spindles are standing idle, and upwards of 150,000 cotton operatives are locked out. We find it difficult to believe that the lock-out will last many days, the difference between the contending parties being so small, the disastrous results of a lengthened lock-out so great and certain. We cannot help thinking that the employers are to blame in this matter. Why demand assent to unconditional reduction in January, reduction which, under the Brooklands Agreement, must last for the whole of the year? By January the position of the industry may have so improved, a good cotton crop and depletion of stocks may have so altered the outlook, as to leave no excuse for reduction. On the other hand, if the position has not improved the operatives might have agreed to the reduction. Again, why refuse the fortnight required for the ballot? If it had shown the men unwilling to follow the spinners, the position of the masters would have been no worse. It is deeply to be regretted that the Conciliation Board and sliding scale, discussed and agreed to in principle years ago, were wrecked because masters and men would not agree as to what is 5 per cent. on capital.

Our recent paragraph about the "Daisy Lord" case has aroused the wrath of some of our readers. Heaven knows we are not lacking in sympathy for any poor girl who, having given her trust and honour to a man, and finding herself the mother of a helpless little mortal, seeks to relieve herself of the burden, and the child of its inherited shame, by calling in the kindly hand of Death. But, all the same, we entertain the view that a human life, once brought into the world—never mind under what conditions—is too sacred a thing to be got rid of by murder. And in this particular case there were circumstances which aggravated the crime. As regards the father—given his identity—whilst we adhere to our view that to include him in the indictment for murder would be a dangerous stretching of the law, we should be in favour of giving him a taste of the lash.

Apropos, we have received the following very interesting letter from a medical reader—with whose request, by the way, we have had the utmost pleasure in complying :—

> It is not often that I venture to address the editor of a journal, but your remarks about the case of Daisy Lord compel me to do so. As a rule, I derive pleasure and benefit from what is to be found week by week in the pages of JOHN BULL, but in this instance you seem to miss the mark. The attitude of some worthy people that Daisy Lord was betrayed, tried, and condemned by men is too absurd for comment, and in this I agree with you. But the gross injustice of this particular case is that there is a well-recognised temporary insanity known as "puerperal insanity," in which the mother frequently does acts of violence to her offspring. This form of insanity is more likely to occur when the circumstances accompanying the birth are unhappy. The insane condition is not lasting, and it is well-known to psychologists and to the more intelligent lawyers. Even our laws take notice of it. In the majority of such cases the prisoner is found to be not responsible for her actions. I am certain that Daisy Lord is one of these unfortunate individuals. With this certainty, to influence me, I have written for the petition form, and am collecting signatures in the hope that this ludicrous piece of law-giving may be nullified. May I ask you to add your name to my list or some other list ?

When are we to have a Department of Criminal Pathology ?

We agree as to puerperal mania. Women who have been recently delivered are liable to sudden attacks in which a disposition to murder their offspring is the most marked symptom. Sometimes the disorder does not attack the woman for several weeks after delivery. Several trials involving a question of puerperal mania have been decided, generally in favour of insanity. Among these is that of Reg. *v.* Ryder, where there was an entire absence of motive as in most other cases of a similar kind. The mother was much attached to the child, and had been singing and playing with it on the morning of its death. She destroyed the child by placing it in a pan of water in her bedroom. She was acquitted on the ground of insanity and Erle, J., remarked that it was evidently a case in which the insanity was only temporary, and the prisoner might be restored to her friends on a representation being made in the proper quarter.

Something is radically wrong with either our system of newspaper reporting or our magisterial bench. At Swansea, the other day, a licensed victualler was charged with being drunk on his premises. His defence was that he had just had to turn a drunken man away, and had received some violent blows, and was half-dazed when seen by the police. A local doctor was called on his behalf and said—but now let us quote the report :—

> He examined defendant half-an-hour afterwards, and found a very extensive wound on the left side of the head and face, dazed and excited. He put the usual tests, and came to the conclusion emphatically that defendant was not drunk, and that his condition arose from the blows, and not from drink. Asked in cross-examination what his tests were, he said he told the man to walk a straight line, turn abruptly, and walk back. He did it like a soldier on parade, and saluted him. He also asked him to say the words "British Constitution," and he came off very well. The Chairman suggested that "Truly rural" would have been a better test. The magistrates, after retiring, came unanimously to the conclusion that defendant was drunk on his licensed premises, and fined him 10s. and costs. Notice of appeal was given.

Now this is, apparently, very rough on the doctor, and rougher still on the licensed victualler. But as the case is *sub judice*, we must not say more—whatever we may think !

Here is an inhuman document received by a correspondent who was rash enough to advertise for apartments : "Dear MaDam Seeing youer adversment in this Mong Pipe i cun ablige you in every way if you weel call to see mee as ther is noo pursin in the Haues but me to my H and my Silf i ad a yur LaDy for 18 Moth very appey but oying to Short of besens she wod to goo in the sittey if you wud i cauld mick any arangmists cheets curntey Pipel and british Pipel in aste youer sinerly. P.S. oblize with oncer." And our education system has been in vogue for forty years !

We are glad to see that every magistrate is not unduly hard upon those who are unfortunate enough to be overcome with liquor. At Hove Borough Police Court the other day a man pleaded guilty to being drunk and disorderly. But after some evidence had been heard, the Bench gave him permission to withdraw his plea, and the Chairman told the constable who had arrested the man that there had not been the slightest justification for his going up and speaking to the prisoner. We hope this will induce the police of Hove to be more careful in future. At the same time, we do not quite understand the withdrawal of the plea. If the man admitted that he was drunk and disorderly, why was there no justification for the action of the constable ? We are reminded of a speech once made by Mr. Justice Hawkins to a man who originally pleaded guilty to theft but was allowed to withdraw the plea and was ultimately discharged by the jury : "Prisoner at the Bar, an hour ago you owned yourself a thief. The jury think you are a liar. You are discharged."

A German correspondent writes to us in praise of the public-houses of his fatherland. He says that "in every licensed house you will be supplied with any food you like, from a sandwich to a substantial meal"; that it is possible to drink in comfort in Germany, because "every inn, public-house, restaurant, etc., has enough seating accommodation, tables and other furniture for their customers to feel at home and comfortable"; that drinking can be combined with recreation in Germany, for "even the commonest public-house will have a few local newspapers, and many people play cards or billiards or dominoes or chess"; and, finally, that "it is no unusual thing for a German to take his sweetheart or his wife and children (say above ten years old) to a restaurant or the like. Many ladies have beer or wine. This arrangement is quite usual and suits a family very nicely. People often meet by appointment, and while the ladies talk about the usual feminine topics, some of the men may perhaps play cards or billiards, etc., thus combining drinking,

games, sweetheart, you see?" We are afraid we do not quite see, for it is scarcely a combination when the men play games and the sweethearts are left to discuss feminine topics together. Nor do we connect "a few local newspapers" with "recreation." Perhaps, however, Germans are more easily amused than ourselves. Our own sweethearts would soon grow tired of us if we potted them down in a public-house and left them to eat raw ham while we went off to indulge in the wild dissipation of dominoes.

Our Catholic readers will not need to be told that the Pope recently issued the following decree:—

> On and after Easter Sunday, 1908, all Catholics are bound to be married in the presence of the parish priest or his delegate. Should they go through the ceremony of marriage in the registrar's office or in a Protestant church such ceremony will not only be unlawful but null and void, and they will not be married in the sight of God.

Being an unsectarian and purely secular journal, it is no business of ours to criticise the somewhat sweeping character of the declaration with which the decree concludes. That is entirely a matter for Catholics to settle amongst themselves.

What we do, however, desire to direct attention to is the extraordinary conduct of Father Vaughan in regard to this subject. He recently had his attention called to the decree, and was asked whether he endorsed it; and here is his reply:—

> My best thanks for your letter, which I have no time to answer, as I am very much engaged in literary work.

Now this won't do. Father Vaughan has taken up an attitude of great prominence, especially on marriage and family questions, and he should be only too ready to afford guidance to enquirers.

We do not care to enter into discussions about theological matters, but we think the limit of absurdity has been reached by the antics of certain extreme Protestants. They have made a tremendous hullabaloo about the desire of certain ecclesiastics to carry the holy wafer in procession through the streets. Their argument is that the wafer is only a bit of bread and that it would be foolish to worship it. Even admitting this, why interfere with the harmless doings of other people? If we choose to stand on our heads in Piccadilly or go down on our knees before a burlesque actress, we should no doubt be doing a foolish thing, but we should be the only sufferers, and no one would dream of interfering with our amusement. Moreover, it is not logical to allow Roman Catholics to worship the wafer in their churches and to prohibit their doing so out of doors. It is not as though disorder would follow—at any rate unless Protestants allowed their prejudices to lead them to commit a breach of the peace. To want to induce people to believe or disbelieve anything by force displays an intolerance unworthy of the present age, and also argues a want of confidence in the intolerant persons' powers of persuasion. If the majority tried to prevent the processions of all those with whom it disagreed, it would prevent Socialists and Suffragettes and many other people from wandering abroad. After all, when you see people advocating what you conceive to be error, the best way of hanging them is to allow them plenty of rope.

In the letter appointing the Papal Legate his Holiness the Pope spoke of Britain as "the Empire rightly famed for the liberty it extends to its citizens." His Holiness is adequately correct; but whether it would be rightly famed in that respect if the Protestant and Roman Catholic positions were reversed is perhaps a question. We have not the slightest sympathy with the crowd of ultra-Protestant fanatics who succeeded in obtaining the prohibition of the Papal procession through the streets of London. But we do think the Pope and the English Roman Catholic prelacy should have remembered that such a procession in a Protestant country was likely to put a severe strain upon the tolerance of the dominant religionists. If a Protestant procession of the kind were organised in Italy or Spain, for instance, we suppose it would be met not only with high disfavour, but by active opposition on the part of the Roman Catholic bishops and laity. And, after all, these processions are best left to the Salvation and Church Armies.

When will Mr. Carnegie find some other outlet for his surplus cash than the establishment of Libraries? Here is an ironical commentary upon the mania. In the *Star* the other evening, next to each other, were two paragraphs—one headed "Glasgow Scene—400 Unemployed Storm Council Chamber," telling how men are clamouring for work; and the other—"Mr. Carnegie Gives More Libraries," telling of an additional gift of £15,000 to Glasgow. Wouldn't it have been better to apply this £15,000 to some useful public work in the town? Reading is a very good thing in its way—but books are sometimes dangerous things to put in the hands of hungry men. They are apt to make them think.

Mr. Richards, M.P., doesn't assist the prospects of the Licensing Bill by pointing out that whereas the liquor trade furnishes "only 38 millions" to the exchequer, "crime and pauperism, the result of the business, costs the country 35 millions." This sort of thing reduces discussion to a farce, and is unworthy of a beardless tub-thumper—to say nothing of a Member of Parliament. Is Mr. Richards unaware that some of the most revolting crimes of modern times have been committed by rabid teetotalers?—and that crime generally is most prevalent where restrictive temperance legislation is most in force?

Either the Labour Party in the House doesn't represent Labour, or the Trades Union Congress is a fraud. Here we have the Labour M.P.'s backing up the Government and going out of their way, on every possible occasion, to pay it compliments (we are, of course, aware that there are a *few* exceptions), whilst the Congress declines even to thank it for the Old Age Pensions Act. What a pity Ben Tillett isn't in the House! We *should* have some fun then. A little chap of about 5 ft., he is, in reality, a veritable Big Ben. And he knows when to chime—and when to strike!

Our hon. friend, Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., has been doing good work in Canada by reminding its inhabitants that they, in common with the rest of the Empire, are allowed to exist, thanks to a "wall of *Dreadnoughts* manned and paid for by a country they are a little too prone to jeer at." May his tour be extended to Australia, where even a little plainer speaking would not be amiss.

At Nailsworth, as elsewhere, Justices' justice seems difficult to understand. Seldom have we heard of a worse case of child neglect than that which these magistrates had before them a few days ago. The facts were that the child, less than two years of age, was put out to nurse by its father, a man named Howell, with a man and woman in whose house he subsequently lived. Actual wilful cruelty on the part of the defendants was not brought home by evidence in the case; but when the child was admitted to Stroud Infirmary, the surgeon found his body covered with bruises, and, in addition, he had a broken thigh and a broken arm, which, though of long standing, had not been treated. The woman Mills admitted that she had

nightly strapped down the child in bed "to prevent him falling out." Whether or not its general condition was due to the violence of this woman and her husband, it is clear that they must have known of it. According to the doctor's evidence, the child is maimed for life; yet the utmost punishment the Bench thought it necessary to inflict was a small fine. The reporter adds: "Defendants asked for time in which to pay, which was granted." They are fortunate in the fact that their offence was not that of begging a crust of bread or stealing a few plums. In that case, they might have had to do seven days' hard.

The reputation of Blackpool for its tonic air properties is almost world-wide. The breezes of Brighton are but sighing zephyrs to the cheek-whipping, lung-expanding air waves which sweep over the whole length of Blackpool's three miles of promenade from the sea. Visitors from the south, however, note with regret that the authorities do not take sufficient advantage of that splendid stretch of sea frontage. It is quite without music of any kind. The Corporation, suggests a correspondent, appear to have said, "If you want music you must shunt yourselves on to the privately-owned piers to get it, and pay your twopence every time. Several of us are pretty big shareholders in these piers, and if we were to put bandstands and bands on the promenades, as in most other seaside towns, we should not draw any dividends." No doubt; but, all said, these promenades by the sea are the natural places for open-air band performances, and Blackpool is almost alone in not providing them.

The career of the late Mrs. Kingscote, who wrote under the name of Lucas Cleeve, was certainly correctly described in "Who's Who" as "chequered." When she went to America she drily observed that "the educated woman refuses to be cramped by certain little social restrictions." Restrictions, little or big, never hampered her very seriously. She had an extraordinary personality and a hypnotic influence which enabled her to exercise her will over all sorts of unlikely people. For instance, she compelled a British officer to marry a lady in whom he took no earthly interest. How she escaped a prosecution for forgery was the standing wonder of all her acquaintances. At one time she made quite an income by smuggling pet dogs in from the Continent.

Professor Churton Collins, who died in a ditch the other day, was full of surprises. He had all the appearance of a musty professor, and wrote on all sorts of subjects which were too abstruse to be popular. But in conversation he was immensely entertaining if he could be induced to talk about his experiences as a criminologist. He had investigated the scene of every sensational murder during a great number of years, and usually formed surprisingly ingenious theories. He used also to describe very graphically what were his feelings when he was thrown out of a boat and had to swim in the dark for two hours before he was picked up.

Those who regard mussels as a recherché repast may as well be careful. Consider what has happened at Norwich. Three cases of typhoid have been directly traced to the lays at Wells, in Norfolk. Bacteriological examination proved that the mussels were polluted by the town's sewage to such an extent that the medical officer has been compelled to prohibit their sale as human food. The mussel is not a dietetic insect which we can pretend to appreciate, and whoever first palmed it on the human race as suitable for the nobler repasts is utterly undeserving of meritorious mention. He should be placed in the same category of obloquy as the gentleman who discovered and introduced into society the periwinkle and the whelk. If any sewage is about, the mussel seems to be peculiarly keen on it, to add to which it is exceedingly indigestible and liable to set up inflammatory conditions in the intestinal tract, even when it is in its bloom at a penny a plate, raw or boiled, and pick where you choose. Once more, therefore, Be careful.

The new Return of Civil List pensions makes curious reading. There are, for instance, among those described as in a destitute condition or having inadequate means of support, the dependents of the famous Dr. Livingstone; and those who yearn for the paths of science or literature will perhaps wonder how the names of such men as Professor Ray Lankester, Sir F. C. Burnand, the poet Dobson, the other poet Austin, and Professor Rhys Davis, the Orientalist, appear in the list. The answer is that it is more profitable to keep a provision shop or a grocery store than to be a man of letters, to whom it is always more or less a question whether they shall commit suicide, die of a broken heart in the workhouse, or take a Civil List pension. To do them adequate credit they prefer the pension, and we do not in the least blame them.

The importance of punctuation is a matter which is constantly brought to our notice, but we don't remember coming across a better illustration than this:—"That that is is that that is not is not is not that so." Perhaps some of our more alert readers will punctuate these words for the benefit of their dull brethren. They contain an incontrovertible proposition.

Here is a delicious extract from the parish magazine of St. Mary's, Hullavington:—

> MY DEAR FRIENDS,—
>
> I am writing this letter on the eve of going away for a holiday. A holiday is an absolute necessity if the standard of a Vicar's work is to be maintained. Neglect of proper precaution in this direction produces that awful mental wreckage too often found among the Clergy. The natural proportion of change is one in seven, one day in a week, one seventh of the year. Hence each Vicar, as a matter of simple duty to his congregation, should aim at being absent from his parish for seven weeks (including at least four Sundays) in each year. Few of the clergy in these days of diminished clerical incomes can afford anything like such a lengthy holiday, but every clergyman should make that period of rest his standard, as far as means allow, in order that the multitudinous duties of the winter season may be adequately performed, and that his sermons may continue to have something of "freshness" and "point" about them.

When the vicar has completed his seven weeks' rest (including *at least* four Sundays) we shall run down to Hullavington—if anybody can tell us the way—and enjoy the "freshness" and "point" of one of his sermons — especially if he will take as his text, "Work while it is day: for the night cometh when no man can work."

Among the minor problems of life one of the most interesting is: Why do the officials in the Post Office steal wedding-cake? They do not steal other kinds of cake, or partridges, or even money—with which they would be able to buy as much cake as they pleased. But we hear of incessant complaints of the disappearance of the contents of those funny little boxes which newly-married people are in the habit of sending out to their friends. A reader, who is not ashamed to sign himself "Papa," suggests that in future the senders of wedding cake should dose it with tartar emetic, but we do not quite follow his argument that this would lead to the discovery of the culprits.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For describing the "Daily Mirror" office as one of the principal seaside resorts,

THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For asserting that "Miss Edna May is a year older to-day than she was yesterday,"

THE *PELICAN*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "it was 8 o'clock before the Battleships were berthed at half-past nine,"

THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising that a "trough dining car is attached to the trains between Calais-Basle and Basle-Boulogne,"

THE NORTHERN AND EASTERN RAILWAYS OF FRANCE
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For advertising that a "GENTLEWOMAN (widower) implores pecuniary help,"

THE REV. T. MORGAN, OF PRESTON, BRIGHTON,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "this is the tenth marriage of a Gibson girl,"

THE *DAILY EXPRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Licensing Bill will immeasurably help the religion of the country, and that EVEN the Bishops had ranged themselves on its side,"

MR. H. R. MANSFIELD, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing the mutilation of sheep under the heading "North Sea Manœuvres,"

THE *SLEAFORD JOURNAL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of July 4, August 8 and 15:—

JOHN JEFFREY, P.O. Box 616, Kimberley, South Africa. (No. 99039—July 4th.)

ALBERT JAMES RAPKINS, 49, Morden Street, Maidstone Road, Rochester, Kent. (No. 83063—August 8th.)

CHARLES A. DRURY, 15, Westgate, Grantham. (No. 57363—August 8th.)

F. JORDAN, St. Clement's House, St. Clement's, Norwich. (No. 139433—August 8th.)

ERNEST BURTON, 39, Sandover Road, Camberwell, S.E. (No. 100381—August 8th.)

Miss MOLLY BATHO, 52, Baron's Court Road, West Kensington, W. (No. 124918—August 8th.)

J. COULSON, 19, Burleigh Road, Loughboro'ugh, Leicestershire. (No. 18962—August 15th.)

D. R. THOMAS, Church Hill, Little Common, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex. (No. 55037—August 15th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of Aug. 22:—

289; 13262; 19503; 33763; 34061; 36655; 41167; 45010; 46618; 48747; 48879; 51405; 53123; 56567; 57294; 60522; 61004; 68365; 72229; 82608; 84195; 85459; 89774; 91142; 92446; 100280; 101847; 104042; 104803; 106489; 106992; 108190; 110737; 113251; 115955; 116905; 117899; 118069; 120424; 120632; 122195; 125384; 127231; 127665; 130652; 132423; 133332; 133812; 142878; 143374.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 31st (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 29th).

"John Bull's" Great Christmas Box Scheme.

£5,000 WORTH OF PRESENTS FOR OUR READERS.

TWO PIANOS.
TWENTY BICYCLES.
ONE HUNDRED WATCHES.
ONE HUNDRED UMBRELLAS.
ONE HUNDRED CLOCKS.
TEN GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING BAGS.
TEN LADIES' DRESSING BAGS.
ONE HUNDRED WALKING STICKS.
SIX SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES.
TWENTY DINNER SERVICES.
FIFTY HANDSOME VASES.
ONE HUNDRED PURSES.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.
ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL DOLLS.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF TOYS.
ONE HUNDRED SETS OF STANDARD BOOKS.
FIVE HUNDRED FRAMED PRINTS, IN SEVEN COLOURS, OF THE ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF "JOHN BULL."
ONE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS.
ONE HUNDRED CAKES.
ONE HUNDRED DOZEN MINCE PIES.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CRYSTALLISED FRUIT.
TWELVE CASES OF BRANDY, WHISKY, PORT, SHERRY, AND GIN.
ONE HUNDRED TURKEYS.
ONE HUNDRED GEESE.
FIFTY BOXES OF CIGARS.

That will do to go on with. We will amplify the list from time to time.

NOW, WHICH OF THESE PRESENTS WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE? It rests entirely with you.

One of the PIANOS will be presented to the LADY READER and one to the GENTLEMAN READER who sends us in—between now and December 15th—the greatest number of coupons, as printed on page 3 of Cover and which will appear in each of our issues till then.

All the rest of the Prizes will be apportioned, on a similar basis, amongst those who fail to secure a Piano, and ALL OTHER READERS who send in coupons in the period just mentioned. The more coupons, the more valuable the prize.

A PRIZE COMMITTEE

Consisting of the Editor and six others (to be shortly announced) will apportion the Gifts, and their decision is to be final.

We hope to announce the names of the Committee next week on the return of our Editor to town.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

The coupon will be found on page 3 of Cover. It can thus be cut out, without in any way interfering with the contents of the paper.

Readers desirous of retaining the benefit of the number on the Cover of any copy given away need simply copy such number on the back of the coupon sent in to us. There is no necessity, therefore, to cut the number out of the cover before sending or giving the copy away.

We cannot supply copies for distribution, in connection with this Scheme, as our printing presses are already heavily taxed, and it is essential that CURRENT ISSUES should be seen by PROSPECTIVE NEW READERS.

"CANADIAN EMIGRANTS, BEWARE!"

HOW DEPORTATION IS WORKED.

We have recently given considerable space to the question of emigration to Canada. It is a subject of Imperial importance, touching as it does the future of a large number of our population. We have not taken any side in the controversy, rather leaving it to our readers to judge for themselves. Assuredly we have no desire to belittle Canada, the greatest of those great Colonies which have sprung from the loins of England. But we should ill serve the public if we did not present the truth when we have satisfied ourselves that we have it, and the statement we are about to make is made quite as much in the interest of Canada, which wants the better class emigrant, and wants him mostly, if he can be got, from the Mother Country, as of the United Kingdom. It is a statement which we have sifted and to which we can see no satisfactory answer. It deals with the operation of the Deportation Clause of the Emigration Act of last year, and illustrates its working by a concrete case.

A Concrete Case.

In 1907, Mr. Ormond, who had been employed in the London offices of the Church Lads' Brigade for about thirteen years, and whose engagement ceased on the reorganisation of the staff, decided, after consultation with some of his friends in Canada, to proceed to that country with his wife and children, believing it to afford advantages for bringing up his young family (five children—four boys and one girl), whose ages ranged from two to thirteen years. They sailed in March, 1907, Mr. Ormond providing a complete outfit for himself and wife and family, who were all in sound health, and paid their passages in full from London to Edmonton, Alberta.

In the beginning of May, a boarding house was for disposal, and Mr. and Mrs. Ormond took charge of it. On May 11th, 1907, Mr. Ormond obtained employment as a clerk at the City Mine. The boarding house was successful, and Mr. Ormond gave complete satisfaction to his employers. On November 22nd, 1907, Mr. Ormond suffered a breakdown in health. He was only away from his duties a short time, but almost immediately after his return to work he received a visit from the police, who informed him that they had a warrant for his arrest on a charge of temporary insanity. Mr. Ormond protested that he was as sane as themselves, but he was taken to the police station, where he was examined by the police medical officer, Dr. Braithwaite, who reported that Mr. Ormond had suffered from a nervous breakdown from which he had recovered, and on Dr. Braithwaite's representation an order for release was at once issued.

So far good, and Mr. Ormond assumed that the last had been heard of the matter; but this opinion was not confirmed upon an enquiry at the Provincial Attorney-General's office, where Mr. Ormond was told that the papers connected with his case had been sent to the Dominion authorities at Ottawa, and that the local authorities were awaiting instructions. However, Mr. Ormond took it for granted that there would be confirmation of his release. The partner of the Provincial Attorney-General told him that he did not see how the Deportation Act could apply to him, and advised him to return to his work, which he did.

Soon afterwards two officers arrived from the Emigration Department at Winnipeg for the purpose, as they informed Mr. Ormond, of conducting the deportation of him and his family. Mr. Ormond appealed to the Provincial Attorney-General, who advised him to continue in his work and leave his case in his (the Attorney-General's) hands, as the Dominion Government could not, under the circumstances, proceed with deportation. Mr. Ormond, said the Attorney-General, was the stamp of man they wished to keep in the Colony, and he undertook to telegraph his opinion of the case to the Hon. Frank Oliver, the Dominion Attorney-General; but the officers from Winnipeg said that their instructions were from the Dominion Government, and over-rode any decision of the Provincial Law Officer. Accordingly, at two days' notice, Mr. Ormond was removed from his work, and his wife from her boarding house, on which they had spent considerable sums, and they with their family were sent back to England on the grounds of:—

(*a*) Hereditary insanity.
(*b*) Unable to support his wife and family and dependent upon public charity.

Now, so far as the charge of hereditary insanity is concerned there is not a shred or shadow of foundation for it, and as to being unable to support his wife and family, and living upon charity, Mr. Ormond was in continuous employment earning $40 a month, and his wife was carrying on a boarding house which was yielding considerable profit. The friend to whom we have already alluded communicated with the secretary of the company in whose employment Mr. Ormond had been, and we have his reply in original before us. It speaks in high terms of Mr. Ormond, and shows that he was earning a good salary, and that his wife was doing well with the boarding house.

An Explanation Demanded.

Naturally the friend of Mr. Ormond who took up his case, and to whom he looked for advice and assistance, communicated with the Department of the Interior Government of Canada, Emigration Branch (to give it its full title), at Charing Cross, and asked for an explanation of the extraordinary treatment his friend had received at the hands of the Dominion Government. The letter containing this request was answered by Mr. Bruce Walker, at that time Assistant Superintendent of Emigration. It is dated January 31st, 1908, and promises to send the friend's letter forward with a request that he, Mr. Walker, should be placed in a position to give the required information.

This information not having been given, the friend wrote again to Mr. Walker, on February 13th, reminding him of his promise to procure it. On February 17th Mr. Walker replied to the effect that he was awaiting the information for which he had written.

Being still without information on March 2nd, the friend wrote again, and then Mr. Obed Smith, who meantime had taken over the position of Assistant Superintendent of Emigration, replied as follows, on March 3rd:—

> I desire to say that I am advised by the Department of the Interior at Ottawa that the return of Mr. Ormond and his family was arranged at the request of the Attorney-General for the Province of Alberta, and I am to refer you to the Deputy-General, Mr. S. B. Wora, Attorney-General Department, Edmonton, Alberta, for any additional information you may desire with respect to the circumstances under which it was found necessary to send Mr. Ormond back to this country.

The friend pointed out that this letter of Mr. Obed Smith could not be reconciled with that of his predecessor, who had promised to obtain the information for him. This was answered by Mr. Smith under date March 7th. He declined to give the reasons for the deportation of Mr. Ormond without the consent of the Canadian Attorney-General.

The friend wrote again to protest and remind Mr. Smith of his predecessor's promise to get the information asked for. Mr. Smith had nothing to add in reply except that he did not think it advisable that the information should be given.

The Moral.

As we said at the outset, we have no wish to belittle Canada or those who govern it. We have no wish to discourage emigration to that country. Far from it. If our people have to leave our shores, we would sooner see them go there than to countries not under the British Flag. But if British emigration to Canada is not to be checked, the Dominion Government must amend its Deportation Clause, or alter the way in which it is worked. The expulsion of Asiatics from territories under the British Flag has worried a good many of us, though for our part we have the heartiest sympathy with the Colonial determination to keep their country for the white man. But if decent Englishmen, going to Canada with money in their pockets, taking with them healthy women as wives, and healthy children, working hard whilst living there, earning adequate income, and leading respectable lives, are to be at the mercy of some local official who has only to make a report, no matter how untrue it may be, to get them out of the country—well, then it is surely something of a farce that cannot be pleaded much longer to assume that a country capable of such conduct is in any real sense of the word part and parcel of our Empire.

Hennessy please

TOLSTOI.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

The way in which reputations are formed is very puzzling. If you asked Lord Avebury or any other man in the street who was the greatest exponent of Russian literature, he would probably reply "Tolstoi" without a moment's hesitation. He would probably never have heard of Turgenieff or Dostojevski, or any of the really brilliant authors who have sprung from the sterile soil of Muscovy. But if you asked him or anybody else what masterpiece Tolstoi had produced, you would have him in a quandary. "Anna Karenina" is probably the most well-known, I will not say popular, but I confess that it bored me horribly when I read it as a boy. The story was long-winded, involved, and pointless, the characters were stilted and unnatural, the style was clumsy, and the language rough. On reaching the end, there was no sentence or incident which I had any desire to remember. His next most successful book, "War and Peace," was even worse, and I found myself quite unable to finish it.

Why is He at Large?

However, it is not chiefly as a writer that Tolstoi is glorified by people who know very little about him. They talk glibly about him as "a sage," "an idealist," "a teacher," "a philosopher." But if they were seriously confronted with his doctrines, they would laugh them to scorn. If anyone else tried to persuade the world to do without government, armies, patriotism, law courts and class distinctions, he would either be shut up in a lunatic asylum or quietly ignored. In Russia he would probably be sent to work in the deepest mines of Siberia. No one has ever succeeded in explaining Tolstoi's peculiar immunity. In some mysterious manner he has come to be regarded as a sort of institution in Russia, and we are often told that no Government would ever dare to lay hands upon him. Perhaps the real explanation is that the extreme absurdity of his views renders him harmless.

Inconsistency and Insincerity.

He is not even consistent. While advocating the most extreme individualism, such as Herbert Spencer, Auberon Herbert, and other advanced opponents of legislative interference would never have admitted, he goes out of his way to flatter Socialists, who are, of course, the most uncompromising enemies of his views. While he professes to object to the possession of property, he has not distributed all his goods among the poor, but like some people who try to dodge the English death duties, he has made everything over to his wife and children, with whom he resides nominally as a guest.

Gross and Grotesque.

Here is what he thought of himself when he was a young man: "I am ugly, awkward, uncleanly, and lack Society education. I am irritable, a bore to others, not modest, intolerant, and as shamefaced as a child. I am incontinent, undecided, inconstant, and stupidly vain and vehement, like all characterless people. I am not brave." So far as I can see, he has probably altered very little, since he made this remarkable confession. Dressing as a peasant, he thinks and feels like a peasant, and I should not like to inquire when he last took a bath. He has a peevish face, beady eyes, and altogether a mean appearance, which is only increased by his grotesque garb. As for his vanity, there was probably never anything like it in the world. The volumes and volumes which he has written about himself are there to testify to his inordinate introspection. It would seem as though his chief, almost his only occupation in life consisted in writing and thinking and talking about himself.

Ridiculous Recollections.

He actually wrote a book about his boyhood, that period of life which is scarcely interesting even in the case of truly great men and which is certainly beneath contempt in the case of a hare-brained fanatic. He told the world how he got up and dressed, even the way he pulled up his stockings, how he ate his breakfast and said good-morning to his parents, how his head reeked with pomatum, how many times he shed tears, and so forth and so forth, for ever and ever. If he had ever taken a bath, he would probably have told us exactly where he soaped himself, and what was the precise measurement of his sponge. Then there are whole chapters devoted, one to the author's examination in history, another to his examination in mathematics, another to his examination in Latin, and so forth. The only remarkable passage is the narrative of a complicated lie at an early age. It was about a dream, absolutely purposeless, but perhaps characteristic of his peculiar type of imagination.

A Bibulous Boy.

However, I must do him the justice to say that he describes his drunkenness as a boy quite convincingly: "My legs played the most amusing tricks; either I trotted along slowly, imitating a horse, or pranced proudly along or stamped like a sheep provoked by a dog; and I did it laughing heartily all the time, and paying no attention to the impression I was producing on the bystanders."

When he went to the University, he elaborated his intemperance, and became almost artistic in his carouses. There is a dramatic account of brewing punch in the dark with a loaf of sugar, weighing about ten pounds, three bottles of Champagne and ten bottles of Rum. "I cannot recall to mind all that went on," he says, "but I remember that I loved the Dorpat student passionately that evening, tried to learn one of his German songs by heart, and kissed both him and Frost. I remember that I hated the Dorpat student a little later on, and wanted to throw a chair at his head, but restrained myself. I remember that my head ached so awfully and I felt so dizzy that I began to fear I was going to die. I remember, too, that at one time we all sat down on the floor, moving our arms to and fro, as if we were in the act of rowing, and sang, 'Along our own loved Volga;' and that the idea occurred to me that we might have sung it as well without sitting on the floor. I remember myself lying on the floor, kicking and wrestling in a gipsy sort of way, nearly breaking somebody's neck and thinking that it would have happened, if my antagonist had not been drunk."

A Commonplace Crank.

Nowadays he has given up even the few engaging habits he once possessed, and has become one of those morose persons who take no stimulants and think it wicked to eat meat. But he still takes an exaggerated interest in himself and indulges his inordinate vanity with a copious succession of autobiographies. After a minute and lifelong study of his own personality he ought by this time to know something about his tedious self. As a matter of fact, however, he seems to know nothing at all. He probably believes himself to be a great prophet, the possessor of a master mind, capable of moving the whole world, the forerunner of the millennium, almost a second Christ. Whereas he is really only a commonplace crank who ought not to be allowed at large.

EXPERIENCES OF A "JOHN BULL" CANVASSER.

I have regularly taken John Bull for over two years, and since the weekly ballot system of appointing canvassers was adopted, how eagerly I have looked for a successul number! I could scarcely believe my eyes that the number 112982 on the cover of my John Bull was one of the numbers announced, so I asked my better half to look before sending on the cover to the Editor. She replied that it was, and said she could do with half-a-guinea, and hoped I would not be unreasonable. Alas! my poor guinea, so eagerly looked for, was fast disappearing, even before I handled same. And now for how I advertised John Bull. I took eight copies with me on a thirteen-mile journey by electric car, and by changing my seat occasionally and leaving a copy on the seat for the next passenger, I soon had eight passengers all reading John Bull. One very interested person got carried past his destination. I wonder if that is why you seldom see passengers take the trouble to buy a paper of any sort on a long tram ride. All my friends and acquaintances soon heard of my good luck, and seemed to think the occasion a suitable one to drink my health at my expense. I carried a supply of specimen copies with me each day, and at houses where I called upon business and thought the paper would interest the occupier, I left a copy; to some I explained the weekly ballot scheme, and altogether I spent several hours each day conscientiously trying to carry out the duties I had agreed to do for one week, with the result that I reached home late in the evening instead of at my usual time for tea.

After reporting to the Editor and sending him the names and addresses of business places willing to exhibit showcards, I felt the guinea had been really earned.

TEMPERANCE OR TYRANNY?

By W. H. Owen.

It is not our purpose in these columns to traverse and disprove the many wild utterances of the so-called temperance reformer, who, by a subtle confusion of cause and effect, seeks to make Drink (capital "D," Mr. Printer) appear as the root of all the world's troubles and depravity. The person of average intelligence is not deluded thereby, but knows perfectly well that intemperance (happily decreasing as it is) is more often the symptom and not the cause of those maladies to which our social system is subject.

But we are concerned with regard to the glaring injustice of the Licensing Bill from the publican's point of view, to say nothing of the petty tyrannies which it would inflict upon the people at large, and if we believed that England deserved such a measure we should not henceforth be found boasting of our nationality.

The Ultimate Goal.

It must not be imagined that even the present Licensing Bill represents the final page in the programme of the extreme Temperance Party, for the ultimate goal at which they are aiming is prohibition, pure and simple—with its consequent curtailment of the liberties and conveniences of the people. So a war of extermination has long been waged against the publican, as though he were some creature outside the pale of civilisation and the law. Excluded, as he is, from the Licensing Bench, he often finds his bitterest opponent strongly entrenched there, and he accordingly endures a crusade of obstruction and persecution, perhaps culminating in his total extinction.

It remains to be seen, however, whether the great majority of the people, sober in mind and in habits, are now prepared to blindly follow the army of militant teetotalers across that frontier where temperance ends and tyranny begins, and so inflict a further and irreparable injustice upon the thousands engaged in the legitimate and necessary calling of the licensed victualler.

Prohibition a Failure.

We are, and always were, the avowed enemies of intemperance, but we recoil from the present Bill as a measure calculated to aggravate all the evils it professes to cure. We certainly believe that the drink problem is being solved by the greater enlightenment of the age, and by a higher ideal of our duties as citizens and parents. The contributory causes are to be found in free education, more libraries, open spaces, allotments, garden cities, cheaper means of transit, improved housing conditions, etc. Certain it is that a policy of spoliation or extermination of the publican is as much an error as an injustice. In America repressive legislation has not had a satisfactory result. Out of twenty of the States which adopted Prohibition only three now continue the experiment; and it is admitted that the net result was not a decrease in drunkenness, but an enormous amount of sly drinking, shebeens, alcoholic drugs, and an appalling crop of hypocrisy and deceit. In Glasgow, also, a policy of undue restriction has been followed by a large increase in drunkenness and disorder, proving that "the best laid plans gang aft agley."

The Initial Error.

The public-house should be improved, not abolished; and here, in our opinion, lies the initial error of the Licensing Bill, assuming, as it does, that a direct ratio exists between the number of licenses and the amount of drunkenness. All statistics, including the Blue-book recently published, prove that no such relation exists as a general rule, and surely we must recognise the natural and fundamental law of commerce, that trade depends on demand, and not upon supply. The insincerity of the whole thing is apparent in the fact that this Bill applies only to England—the most sober section of the United Kingdom—and Irish and Scotch Members are to be invited to enact laws for England's special salvation! Temperance! The pity of it.

Property in Licenses.

Rightly or wrongly, the whole controversy revolves round the question of property in a license. To our mind the contention that this permit is for one year, and for one year only, is a mean and unworthy subterfuge. Technically we admit that a license is for twelve months, but this is a term arranged for mutual convenience, and all excise licenses are for this period. The license for a theatre, or even for the privilege of *brewing* beer, is distinctly a yearly permit. But could theatres or breweries be built and equipped upon such a flimsy tenure—although surely the principle involved is the same—be the licensee the manufacturer or vendor?

The Government have also themselves tacitly acknowledged the existence of property in licenses, not merely when assessing a publican's estate for probate duty, but when selling those houses which have from time to time come into their hands, by placing a reserve price on the premises in consideration of the attached license. Further, when a Licensing Bench grants permission for a house to be enlarged or rebuilt—even when such rebuilding constitutes a public improvement—some surrender of other licenses is usually demanded, and it is ridiculous to think or to argue that costly alterations can be mutually agreed upon without some moral right to further renewal. Custom, expectancy, and precedent compel us to assert that, in the absence of misconduct, a publican possesses a real property in his license, and it is upon such a faith that businesses have been bought and sold for generations past.

Give the 1904 Act a Chance.

Why not allow the Balfour Act of 1904 to have a further trial? Already it has been the means of closing nearly 5,000 of the least desirable houses—and this without the cost of one shilling to the taxpayer. With the passing of this measure, the "Trade" surrendered certain rights attached to what are known as ante-1869 licenses, but subject to the payment of compensation in which these statutory rights were to be taken into consideration. This surely showed a sincere effort to meet the Government half-way in their scheme for the reduction of redundant licenses. But these same licenses are now involved in the general ruin and the whole trade, with its hundreds of thousands of workers and its hundreds of millions of capital, is to be thrown ruthlessly into the teetotal melting-pot, to cast out the devil of intemperance—or, rather, to gratify the rancorous hate of sect and party.

An Appeal for Fair Play.

We pause here to inquire whether there still exists in the land such a virtue as collective and national integrity, or whether it is merely an attribute of the individual? Whether a nation of shopkeepers has degenerated into a nation of shoplifters? Whether the honesty of modern government is packed in water-tight compartments, any one of which can be invaded without damage to the whole fabric which we call "British Fair Play"? At the present moment the Cabinet are apparently very solicitous about an impartial trial for Dinizulu at the hands of our fellow subjects in Natal, and, simultaneously, they are promoting here, in our midst, a colossal act of injustice by the wholesale seizure of licenses *(and their goodwill)*, and demanding ransom under the specious title of "Monopoly Value"—"Monopoly Value," so-called, has ceased to exist when the burdens on the trade are increasing from year to year—even the special and "temporary" Boer War Tax is still being levied—and it has been plainly hinted of late that if this legitimate trade cannot be throttled by legislation, it can, and shall, be despatched by the lethal weapon of taxation!—Scylla or Charybdis?

One word to you, ardent temperance zealot, with your emblazoned motto of "Faith, Hope, and Charity." Cultivate a little more faith and hope in the future of humanity, and a grain of charity towards your fellow man—publican or brewer though he be—and inquire of yourself whether those methods of Raisuli which you propose to adopt are likely to further the cause of true temperance.

The Rev. Canon Knox-Little writes:—

"As a temperance measure the Bill is a sham, and—pretending to be a temperance measure—it is grossly unjust. It is grossly unjust, for it confiscates the property of many not connected with the liquor trade. It attacks a business recognised by the State as perfectly legitimate, and from which the State draws taxes, just as it does from every other business."

TRUE WEALTH.

Not palaces of marble decked with gold,
The wine that sparkles, pictures rare and old,
The costly toys that minister to sense,
Lavish display and prodigal expense—
No, the glad flush that paints the faded cheek,
The gratitude too deep, too full, to speak,
Hope's summer gleam relit in wintry eyes,
The gift unsought that comes with sweet surprise,
To give the feeble strength, the ailing health:
Such is the rich man's true abiding wealth.

A. J. H.

LOTIGICO.—THE FIRST DUTCH INSURANCE CO., LTD., Against risk in lotteries. Registered at Somerset House, August 28th, 1908. £10 Premium payable in full or on the "Times" system of monthly payments. Write for Prospectus; 45, Cannon Street, London, E.C. Agents wanted.

THE LICENSING BILL.

THE Executive Committee of the Licensed Victuallers' Central Protection Society of London, Limited, commend to the consideration of JOHN BULL readers the following extract from a letter written by the Right Rev. Charles John Ridgeway, D.D., Lord Bishop of Chichester, to a correspondent on the subject of the Government's Licensing Bill—

> "Speaking for myself, I can only say that I for one refuse to support any proposed settlement of the drink question which disregards and outrages the claims of equity. To me the Bill, by the way in which it deals with this aspect of the question, seems to spell popular ruin for thousands of innocent persons whose all is invested in these companies. When the slave trade was abolished by the nation a large and generous compensation was paid to those engaged in it. Surely, in the name of justice, all must unite in protesting against a Bill which confiscates the earnings of the investors and altogether disregards the wholesale misery, inevitable as it will be, which its provisions will bring with it, to say nothing of the disastrous blow which such legislation must inflict upon our national credit. It is urged by some that the Bill promotes the righteousness which exalts a nation, but that righteousness can never be promoted by unrighteous means."

Readers of JOHN BULL desirous of understanding the proposals embodied in the Licensing Bill should apply to the Secretary of the Central Board, 27, Russell Square, London, W.C., for the latest literature on the subject, which will be forwarded gratis and post free.

"THE IGNORANCE OF BRITISH OFFICERS."

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

The publication of the following letters must close, for the present, the discussion of this matter:—

From Mr. ROBERT Edmondson.

Sir,—"Vedette" seems to be one of those officers, who, as General Baden-Powell says, "is unaccustomed to read general information other than under the headings of the *Daily Mail*."

If he will only go through a course of learning how to read with intelligence, and then read my article again, he will ascertain that the whole is a series of quotations from educational authorities, and not my personal opinion. What he is pleased to call "my vitriolic attack" is in reality that of General Baden-Powell, Mr. Benson, the Public Schoolmaster, and the Staff College Examiners.

The veiled attack upon my personal character I can afford to treat with contempt. Since March, 1903, when I was plaintiff in a celebrated military action in the High Courts of Justice, I have been constantly before the public as author, journalist and lecturer.

If "Vedette" will only take the trouble to read the introduction to my book, "John Bull's Army from Within," written by a well-known public man, he will find that I am spoken of as "a man of exceptional power and also a man of exceptional character." Perhaps herein may be found the reason why I am unpopular with Army officers, and yet succeed well with all those who employ me in civilian life.—Yours faithfully,

Robert Edmondson.

9, Elm Grove, Hammersmith, W.

From Mr. RICHARD Edmondson.

Sir,—As I am getting the credit, and at the same time the condemnation, both of which are entirely due to Mr. R. Edmondson, formerly Squadron Sergeant-Major in the Imperial Yeomanry, I should be much obliged if you would permit me to assure your readers that I am not the author, neither do I sympathise or agree with Mr. Edmondson's views on the above subject. The reference to the Junior Bar, by "Vedette," has no doubt contributed to the belief that I am the "R. Edmondson" referred to. Because I am the only person of that name at the Junior Bar, was a Volunteer officer, and have travelled in Africa (although not as a combatant), many of your readers naturally conclude that "Vedette" is very properly giving me a well-deserved admonition. My military experience is distinctly limited; nevertheless I have always felt, in making comparisons when associated in brigade and regular forces, that so far as manner, knowledge, education, ability to command and general "make up," the regular subaltern left much to be attained by the Volunteer officer. I entirely agree with the observations of "Vedette," and trust that I was not personally in his mind when criticising Mr. Edmondson.—Yours obediently,

Richard Edmondson.

4, Paper Buildings, Temple.

Sir,—As "Vedette" does not give his name, I cannot believe that he is an officer, or that he can have any knowledge of military education. I hope that no officer and gentleman could possibly attack any writer by name and publicly make innuendoes against that writer's character and capacity and information, without giving the public his own name.

But this apart. The "Vedette" is absolutely wrong and the Sergeant-Major is absolutely right. I do not disparage the young officers when I say that since 1898 they have been the worst educated men of their rank and means, civilian or military, in any civilised State. This is not their fault or the fault of the leading men in the Army, who have protested against the War Office educational system regularly for many years.

Official documents of periodical recurrence prove that things are getting worse. I could give you columns of most deplorable reports by generals and colonels. Education under that gang of charlatans, the Army Council, is a public scandal of the gravest kind, and in calling public attention to a growing evil of the very worst kind you are doing no class of the community more benefit than the younger officers of the Army.—Your obedient servant,

T. Miller Maguire.

2, Pump Court, Temple.

THE

Bradlaugh Fellowship.

The Annual Dinner will take place on Wednesday, September 30, at the "Crown and Cushion" Hotel, London Wall, opposite Blomfield Street. It is the most accessible spot from all parts of London—it is one minute from Liverpool Street, Broad Street and Bishopsgate (Underground) Stations, and two minutes from Moorgate Street Tubes and tram terminus; 'buses from every part of London pass the door.

The Chair will be taken at 8 sharp by Horatio Bottomley, Esq., M.P.

The price of the Tickets is 2/-, *i.e.*, one-third less than cost price, the difference being provided from the bequest of the late W. James Dowling. They can be obtained from any Member of the Committee or by post from the Secretary. Remittances should *in all cases* accompany applications for tickets in order to avoid confusion and mistakes.

The number of diners is limited to one hundred. It is therefore necessary to apply early for tickets to avoid disappointment.

W. J. RAMSEY,

146, Lansdowne Road, Hackney, N.E. *Hon. Sec.*

THE

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SECRETARY, 84, PICCADILLY.

SIR,—Referring to article, "The Ignorance of British Officers," here and there you will find such, but not so much now as formerly. As long as snobs are prevented from obtaining a footing, the Army will always be well led. What one detests is the man with money but no manners, whose money has, in a sense, got him there. One prefers to be led by a gentleman *minus* brains, so to speak, than a brainy snob *minus* manners. It is strange, but none the less true, that one finds in most cases where no blood (that is blue blood) exists, that the manners, too, are absent, although the assumed air of importance can be only too plainly observed. Blood tells; at least, in the Army, and the men prefer it. Why? Well, the absence of fear, the absolute calm, as if in a sham affair; the refusal of hiding-places just to dodge bullets (not discreet, of course); an unshaken confidence which has won battles which would have but for this been lost. Commissions from the ranks are so many mistakes; the men as a rule dislike those that hold them. Having been through the South African War, I speak from experience.—I am, Sir,

EX-SERGT. H. B. CAPON
(late 9th Lancers).

SIR,—I read with great interest the article by Mr. R. Edmondson, on "The Ignorance of British Officers." I also read with great surprise the reply to his charges by "Vedette" in your issue of August 15th.

I say "surprise," because I hardly expected to find in JOHN BULL, for which I have a profound admiration, such an uncharitable, pusillanimous article. An unbiassed reader of both articles will observe that Mr. Edmondson backs up his statements by his name, whilst the other makes use of a *nom-de-plume*. Again, direct personalities—which have nothing to do with the argument—are introduced. And they are introduced by the man who hides behind the pseudonym of "Vedette."

I have never met Mr. Edmondson, but I wish to say that I consider that "Vedette" has not satisfactorily answered Mr. Edmondson's charges, and has indulged in a dirty "hit below the belt." (I refer to "Vedette's" remarks *re* Mr. Edmondson's retirement from the Imperial Yeomanry.)

I said that I did not consider "Vedette's" reply satisfactory. Take, for instance, Mr. Edmondson's reference to the bad handwriting of the British officers. He quotes an occasion where bad writing was responsible for a great blunder, and I see no reason to disbelieve this.

There is no doubt (as Mr. Edmondson says) that a thorough overhauling of this "selection of officers" system is needed; for, be it in the Guards or any other regiment, an officer should be incontestably proved to be a capable man in every way for his work. Were this done, I think the list of Guards probationers, and many other lists of C.O.'s in our "crack" regiments, would have more than one name struck off. There is plenty of proof of gross incompetence amongst these officers, and so, I say, all credit is due to Mr. Edmondson in bringing to the public notice the fact that there may be such an almost incredible quality as "ignorance in British officers."—I am, yours faithfully,

WALLACE O. TWELLS.

Newbold-on-Avon, near Rugby, Warwickshire.

THE WAY OF A BUCCANEER.

(*Found in an Old Chest.*)

Where the galleons flounder home,
Lurching in the yesty foam,
Captain Crossbones holds his court,
And his speech is very short—
Pointed, too! Who gives him play,
Goes a dreary watery way.
If the thing he do ordain,
This fat hull shall split in twain;
If he do but fret or frown,
That tall ship shall topple down.

E. H. VISIAK.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?

If so, what is your Number?

See page 293.

A Sample

A sample "Erasmic" Shaving Stick, sufficient for 50 shaves, will be sent post free on receipt of 3 penny stamps.

The "ERASMIC" lather is most pleasant to apply; it is so pure, fragrant, and soothing to the skin, and DOES NOT DRY ON THE FACE. "Erasmic" is used by all discriminating shavers, who naturally prefer The British and Best article.

1s. stick lasts twelve months.

OBTAINABLE OF ALL CHEMISTS AND HAIRDRESSERS.

The ERASMIC Co. Ltd.
(Dept. E.)
WARRINGTON.

"Erasmic" SHAVING STICK

SANDORIDES
"LUCANA" CIGARETTES.
HARMLESS ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR ABSOLUTE PURITY

"LUCANA" CIGARETTES
SANDORIDES

HIGHEST GRADE VIRGINIA CODE L.V. | SELECTED TURKISH LEAF CODE L.T

IN BOXES OF

100	50	20	10
4/9	2/6	1/-	6d

SOLD BY LEADING TOBACCONISTS EVERYWHERE OR POST FREE FROM
W. SANDORIDES & Co LTD
5, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.
* NEW PRODUCTION

CAMBUS
Famed for 50 Years

as a Patent Still (not a Pot Still) Scotch Whisky, and recommended by the highest Medical Authorities as free from excess of objectional impurities, and containing those essentials of quality which make CAMBUS an ideal beverage.

THE DISTILLERS CO., Ltd., EDINBURGH.

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAM.

To Sir Edward Richard Henry, K.C.V.O., C.S.I., Chief Commissioner of Police, New Scotland Yard, London.

SIR,—The circumstances of the arrest of Dr. Montague Miller call for earnest inquiry on your part. Dr. Miller has been resident in Hackney for many years. Twice he has had the honour of being elected Mayor of the borough. He has also been largely instrumental in the formation of a local society for improving the breed of horses. Everywhere in Hackney he is honoured and respected. His kindness of heart is almost a household word.

This is the man who, while driving a mare in a governess cart, was arrested, taken to the police-station, and subsequently brought up at the police-court on a charge of cruelty to the mare by working it while in an unfit state. That Dr. Miller should be cruel to any dumb animal was, of course, *prima facie*, unthinkable. The explanation of the arrest and charge was in the evidence. There was nothing the matter with the mare except that it was liable to attacks of rheumatism. Dr. Miller was advised by his veterinary expert that exercise would be an advantage. He therefore took out the mare for his rounds. Unfortunately, he was detained at the house of one of his patients, rain came on meanwhile, the mare had an attack of rheumatism while standing, and at the time of the arrest was going in such a way that the policeman, ignorant of the real facts, fussed himself into the belief that the horse was being worked while it was lame. Having carefully considered the evidence, the magistrate not only dismissed the charge against Dr. Miller, but added that even if the policeman's story had been a correct one, Dr. Miller should not have been arrested, but should have been proceeded against by summons.

With that dictum every common-sense man will agree. The arrest of Dr. Miller was a monstrous and indefensible abuse of power on the part of the officer. That a citizen of London, well-known and honoured, of high professional and public position, who has lived in a Metropolitan borough for years, and whose address is permanent, should be liable to arrest, and to be taken in custody through the public streets on any charge which an ignorant policeman should prefer against him out of his own foolish head is intolerable.

It is surely extraordinary that within so short a time after the Metropolitan Police have emerged from the ordeal of the Inquiry Commission with such great credit, the public mind should be again disturbed by this gross case of unjustifiable arrest. What has happened to Dr. Miller may happen to any other citizen at any time. That is a disquieting thought; and if you allow the outrage to pass without an apology on behalf of the force to Dr. Miller, and a suitable punishment of the constable who made the arrest, you will go far to destroy that public confidence in your officers which was so recently revived while at its lowest ebb by the findings of the Commission. A policeman who cannot be trusted to exercise his powers of arrest with judgment and reason is unfit to remain a member of the force. He becomes at once a danger and a menace to the whole community, and the whole community await your effective action with anxiety.

JOHN BULL.

To the Secretary of the Protestant Alliance.

DEAR SIR,—As your society, with the assistance and co-operation of certain similar charitably disposed organisations, to the number of fifty-one, succeeded in preventing the procession which was to have been held in connection with the Eucharistic Congress, I venture to have a word with you.

Let me examine your objections to the procession. It was illegal. True. But it is also illegal to be absent from one's parish church on Sunday, and I am not aware that your society is consumed with anxiety to enforce that obligation. And for the general public, who are rather sick of religious squabbles, all such laws belong to the past and ought to be swept away.

It was idolatrous. I am not a theologian, but in justice, it must be admitted, and you know it, that Catholics do not worship what you call a "wafer." They are not any more insane than yourself. They worship Christ. They believe He is mysteriously present in the Host. Therefore they worship the Host.

It was likely to give offence and provoke disorder. It is not much to your credit that you did what you could to incite the angry passions of the bigoted. The good sense of Londoners was too much for you, however. By the way, when your champion, Mr. Kensit, was arrested at Liverpool for that he had used language which gave offence and provoked a breach of the peace, what did you say? You said that the offended persons who made the disturbance ought to have been arrested: and that to stop a meeting because it happened to give offence was to put an end to freedom! Circumstances evidently alter cases!

It would be an insult to Protestants. I cannot see this. If they did not want to see the procession, they could have stayed at home. Besides, Protestantism is sometimes insulting: look at the language of the King's Oath, for example.

Times have been bad, and I have no doubt your subscription list has suffered from the general depression, and that you were in need of an advertisement. Yet I cannot congratulate you on your method of raising the wind.

I write only as a child in these matters, but I believe in religious liberty—for everyone.

JOHN BULL.

To Professor Tom Wallis Rogers, H.M. Prison, Brixton.

MY DEAR TOM,—I am writing to you at above address, not knowing whether you are there or in the lunatic asylum, but as the medical officer has asseverated that you have a screw loose, or a tile off, or a bee in your bonnet, or a crack in your crown, it stands to reason that you ain't quite there, so I don't know where this will find you, though I trust you are in good health as it leaves me at present.

Your idea of collecting £14 5s. from a Clapham domestic as a small charge for putting into her head a real eye in place of the glass one she happened to be wearing at the time, had never occurred to anybody till you thought of it. Your only fault, my dear Tom, if you will let me say so, is that you collected the money but didn't put in the eye, and as half of an idea is worse than none at all, you might have expected getting sent down at the Old Bailey for nine calendar months, which is what happened to you, anyhow. Some people are born to misfortune, and others have it thrust upon them: I have a feeling heart, Tom, and it pains me to cogitate on the circumstance that you are one of those on whom it has been thrust.

But never despair. A greater man even than you says that time cures all things, so nine calendar months may cure you. If it doesn't, you can proceed with the rest of your programme of creative anatomy for such fees as you consider suitable. From your conversation with the medical officer at Brixton Prison I gather that you can not only put real eyes into empty sockets, but that you can give people new hearts and kidneys, break their bones and rejoin them in five minutes, melt them by placing your fingers on them, and make them hale and hearty after they are dead. Maybe there are some more servant girls outside Clapham, or more lunatics inside the asylum, who will be willing to let you operate, but if I were you I should pay strict attention to the ministrations of the medical officer in respect of the state of your poor brain, and give up specialising as an anatomical creator. I indite this sound advice to you chiefly because you haven't asked for it, but likewise because you may be better for it. I hope to hear from you as soon as they will let you write.

JOHN BULL.

To H.R.H. Princess Mirko of Montenegro.

MADAME,—Allow me to tender my very hearty congratulations on the birth of your son. The tragic death of your two little children on the Riviera is fresh in our minds, and everyone will rejoice that your home is now again brightened by the presence of a little Prince. I do not forget that you are nearly related to the Obrenovitch dynasty, and I trust that the day may not be far distant when you will be very near to the Servian throne.

JOHN BULL.

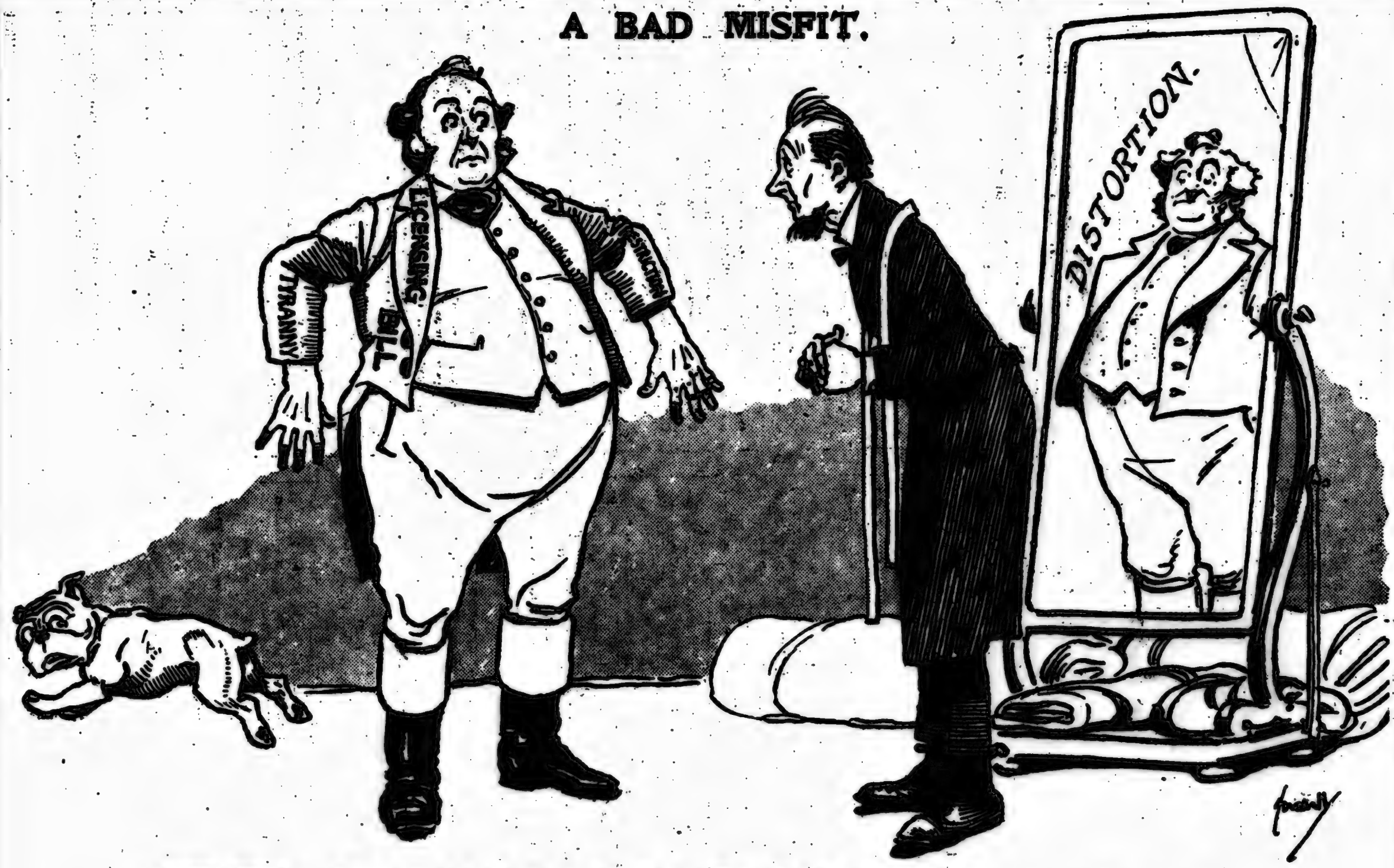
Lord Rosebery.

See you have been lecturing on Success. What do you know about it?

BULL.

Hennessy please

A BAD MISFIT.



JOHN BULL: "How can I wear a coat like this? Why, I can't breathe in it."
CHADBAND, STIGGINS & CO.: "We are making things tight for all our customers, just at present."
JOHN BULL: "Here, take the wretched thing off. In future remember that I like a little more freedom."

IN THE CITY.

TRACY MILLER AND CO.—"WRONG 'UNS."

Some time ago we warned our readers against having any transactions with Arnold and Butler. We said they were wrong 'uns." They answered us by instituting an action for libel, and retaining some of the most eminent Counsel at the Bar, including Mr. Rufus Isaacs, Mr. Duke, and Mr. Horace Avory, as leaders, to represent them. In due course the case came on for trial. We were there ready to justify our allegations, but the rogues had no fight in them, and Mr. Duke, K.C., was instructed to say that his clients would not proceed with the matter. In other words, they admitted the truth of our allegations, namely, that they were rogues who lived by swindling the public.

In any other country but this the public admission of rascality, of flagrant and continuous violation of the law, and preying upon the public, would have been followed by a Government prosecution, and to-day the men concerned would have been in gaol. Instead, they continue to ply their wretched business, hoping—and we are afraid not altogether without warrant—that many people reached by their circulars are ignorant of the proceedings in the Law Courts.

But Arnold and Butler are not the only rogues amongst outside brokers and so-called dealers in Bonds who ought to be in gaol. For some months past we have received frequent complaints concerning a firm trading as Tracy Miller and Co., and from time to time have warned our readers to have nothing to do with them. We now propose to go a little more closely into the doings of these people in order that we may emphasise our warning.

In the spring of this year a reader of JOHN BULL received a circular from Tracy Miller and Co., in which they strongly advised him to buy 117 Morrison and Fleet Dairy shares at 21s. on the plea that they were well worth the money, and that this quotation was lower than the market rate.

In response our correspondent bought 50 of these shares, and sent his cheque for £51 5s. The receipt of this money was acknowledged by Tracy Miller and Co. in a letter dated April 15th, 1908, which is as follows:—

> We are obliged for your favour of the 11th inst., enclosing cheque for £51 5s., in payment of 50 Morrison and Fleet Dairy shares. The transfer is being prepared and sent to the seller for signature, and as soon as we receive it back we will forward it on to you for completion.

Not having received transfer on May 4th our correspondent wrote for it, and got the following reply, under date May 5th:—

> We much regret the delay in the delivery of your transfer for the Morrison and Fleet shares. We have made enquiries to-day and are told that the shares will come from the Market, as they were sold simultaneously. The transfer, therefore, will be to hand on the next Settling day, which will be the 14th inst.

As the transfer still lingered our correspondent wrote again on May 15th, and got the following answer:—

> In reply to your favour of the 15th inst., we are doing our very best in the matter, and hope to send you transfer at the beginning of next week.

Upon our correspondent remonstrating, Tracy Miller and Co. wrote again, under date May 18th:—

> Transfers will be received on the next Stock Exchange Account day, which is the 29th inst. We must, therefore, claim your indulgence until Friday week.

The 29th came and went, and on June 1st, in reply to further remonstrance, Tracy Miller and Co. wrote:—

> Your letter of the 31st ult. will receive attention to-morrow morning, when our senior returns to town.

The senior presumably having returned, on the 2nd inst., our correspondent was informed:—

> We understand the transfer of 43 Morrison and Fleet Dairy shares is actually in course of delivery.

On June 10th Tracy Miller and Co. wrote:—

> We regret that owing to a combination of circumstances, we have not ere this been able to deliver you your 43 Morrison and Fleet Dairy shares.

Then our correspondent put the matter in the hands of his solicitor, who, on the 11th June, demanded "return of the balance of money by Saturday next, 13th inst." To this a quibbling letter was received from Tracy Miller and Co., with renewed promises, and saying that they were

> quite prepared to prove that Mr. W——'s 43 Morrison and Fleet Dairy shares are due to be delivered by a City firm of Brokers, and if you make a point of it we will send you his Contract Note.

The solicitor did "make a point of it," and asked for inspection of the note. This was promised for June 16th, but it did not come.

On June 22nd Messrs. Tracy Miller and Co. had the impudence to write as follows:—

> The Contract Note is in our possession, and until we fail to deliver the shares on the 26th inst., it is unreasonable for you to expect us to bring our Brokers into the matter.

The 26th having passed the solicitor again applied to the firm, and on the 29th Tracy Miller and Co. wrote:—

> We will write you fully on the subject to-morrow, so that you may understand the exact position of affairs.

On the 30th of July they wrote further:—

> We are doing all we can to put matters in order, but owing to unforeseen circumstances we are unable to complete our part of the contract.

And here end the attempts of our correspondent to recover his £51 5s.

We have received numerous letters from other correspondents making similar complaint of having forwarded money for shares which have never been delivered, but the correspondence we have given should be sufficient to warn all our readers against having any transactions with these people, who by their specious letters induce the unwary to send moneys for shares they are not in a position to deliver.

THE ISLANDS INSURANCE COMPANY.

With reference to our remarks on this company in our last issue, we have received a visit and statement from the Secretary of the Company, and as it is only fair that the other side of the case should be put before readers interested in the matter, we give Mr. Rawlings' statement as below:—

> The purchase price was based upon figures supplied by the Temple, and these figures were, (1) "that the yearly debit of the Monthly Sickness and Accident Business was £2,105, and (2) that the Monthly Debit for March, 1908, was £188 14s. 3d.; that (3) the percentage of lapses was 30 per cent.; that (4) the claims were 31·73 per cent., and that (5) the business showed a clear profit of 25 per cent."

The true position, however, of the income (1 and 2), as shown by the books supplied by the Temple, checked an verified by their Assistant Secretary, with the Secretary of this Company, proves the income or debit for March to be £91 15s. 9d., being less than half the amount as stated to us, and signed as correct by the Secretary of the Temple Company.

Further, the outside salaries alone (apart from agents' and officials' commissions) amounted to 75 per cent., and the claims (4) to 50 per cent. of the Premium Income for April, even though worked by the Temple themselves, as this Company did not take charge until May 1st, and that the claims (4) have, according to the Temple's own showing, amounted to 100 per cent. since that date.

The working expenses, apart from head office, amounted to 100 per cent., and it was therefore clear to the management of this Company, apart from the seriousness of the difference between the figures supplied and the actual position, that the business could only be continued at a serious loss for some time, instead of a profit of 25 per cent.

We having lost a considerable sum, your informant suggests that the Temple has paid every claim to the policy-holders' satisfaction. They have apparently been very generous in regard to these particular claims (most of which arose during the month they worked the business on this Company's behalf), as we are in a position to give particulars of claims for large and small amounts that had been outstanding a considerable time prior to May 1st, and in some districts had lost the whole of the debit through it.

A large number of claims (on the Temple business) have been paid by this Company, and it is untrue that these cheques have been dishonoured. In one case a cheque happened to go out with one signature short, and in one or two payment was stopped, as the amounts were not accepted in full settlement, and the cheques not returned at the time.

Finally, we have repeatedly asked the Temple and their solicitors to consent to an independent firm of chartered accountants going through the books, supplied by them to us, to prove that the figures as given by us (as above) are not true. This they have never done; therefore, having been misled to such a great extent, we decline to do anything more with the business, and have demanded

THE CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LIMITED.—Stock and Share Dealers, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, S.W. No Commission. Loss Limited. Profit Unlimited. All payments made directly bargain closed. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. Telephone Nos., 867 Westminster, 7763 Gerrard. Telegraphic address, "Stockwork," London.—4278.

the return of the money paid, together with damages, Col. Vaid's guarantee having already been cancelled.

He (Col. Vaid) is still a director of this Company (all the books and correspondence are here for your inspection, if you desire), but as legal proceedings are pending, it is hardly right that we should go further into the matter on this occasion.

THE ANGLO-SCOTTISH BILL POSTING AND ADVERTISING CO., LTD.

We have before us copy of a circular letter which has been sent out by Mr. Alfred E. Carr, of Erskine Chambers, 13, Grainger Street West, Newcastle-on-Tyne. In this circular Mr. Carr informs the public that a company to be known as the Scottish Bill Posting and Advertising Co., Ltd., is to be registered, and that the "initial formation expenses, such as registration fees, stamp duties, printing, advertising, and so on and so on, will amount to £2,000." Mr. Carr invites those reached by the circular to find this £2,000. They are to take up Preference shares of £1 each, or Ordinary shares, and they will "immediately receive the share certificate for 100 Ordinary shares as the nominee of the vendors." the bonus to those who find the £2,000 "in every case being equal to the application."

Mr. Carr is, according to our information, an accountant of repute in Newcastle, and we are surprised that he should father a scheme of this sort. Presumably he knows Mr. Youde's record. He must know that some ten years ago he sought to bring about a great amalgamation of bill-posting companies, with the result that certain north-country manufacturers, who found the preliminary expenses, were heavy losers by it. Mr. Youde asked for some two millions of capital, and the public offered about £70,000. Mr. Youde would have gone to allotment, but the directors properly decided to return the money, and the heavy loss accruing was theirs, not Mr. Youde's.

Since then Mr. Youde has succeeded in floating the General Bill Posting Company, which dispensed with his services, and against whom he has an action claiming £10,000 damages. Also the Provincial Bill Posting Company, which is in liquidation. Also another company in Sunderland, called the Central Bill Posting Company. Not one of these ventures has prospered. There is nothing to show that the present venture, should it ever commence operations, will be more successful. We invite Mr. Carr to give us his reasons for saying why, in his opinion, its history promises to be different to that of its predecessors.

BRITISH UNITED ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.

In our issue of August 22nd last, as in earlier issues, we warned the public against having any dealings with this Corporation. We have now before us a letter from a solicitor of repute from which we take the following:—

> I have been endeavouring to obtain a settlement of the assured's claim, who is a labourer, and claimed for six weeks' sickness from May 24th last. Doctor's certificates were sent in as desired. The company at first questioned the payments in, but the enclosed paying-in card was sent to them, and the assured informs me he had some difficulty in getting it returned. The assured made his claim in the middle of July, and after corresponding with him they ceased to do so after July 28th. The assured consulted me, and on August 27th I wrote and asked for a settlement of the claim. They answered on August 28th, and from that date they have ignored my letters. I called on the company on September 5th in Wormwood Street. There were two people in—a foreigner spoke to me first, and then I saw another man, who informed me that he had not been with them long and did not appear to know anything about the matter. I told him that it was a matter that should be at once settled, and he informed me that the gentleman who attended to the matter was ill with enteritis, and would return on the 7th, and he promised that I should then have an answer, which to this day I have not had. The only goods in the place appeared to be a typewriter and a few small sundries.

W. ANDERSON (1908), LTD.

We understand that a company has been registered with the name of W. Anderson and Co. (1908), Ltd., to take over the business which owned Anderson's Three-Star Whiskey, and the agency of the Roisdorf Mineral Water. The offices of the company are at 36, Mark Lane, E.C., and the managing director is Mr. H. C. Burlingham, who is also a director of Messrs. Livingstone Lieur, Ltd. Under the skilful guidance of Mr. Burlingham, the success of the new company should be assured.

ADVICE TO SPECULATORS AND INVESTORS.

Government Securities.—We think Consols should be bought.

Home Railways.—An improvement in these is likely. South Eastern Deferred and Midland Deferred we recommend as a purchase.

Americans.—In our advertisement in this paper of September 12th, we suggested that Union Pacific Shares and United States Steel Common Shares should be sold. Compare the prices since and see if we were right. We get very good information and shall be pleased to communicate with prospective clients.

Kaffirs.—Our advice in the issue of this paper of September 12th was **CAUTION.** Were we right?

We think that purchases for a considerable rise may now be made, our special favorites being:

Consolidated Goldfields Deferred.
De Beers.
East Rands.
Klerksdorp Proprietary.
Sutherland Reefs.

Rhodesians.—We advise a purchase of
Chartered and
Tanganyika.

We can also recommend a safe investment, paying over Six per cent. per annum, full particulars of which will be given on application.

TERMS.

We will purchase any of the above-mentioned stocks and shares for clients on the instalment system, charging a fixed rate of Interest at five per cent. per annum on balances, the purchasers getting the benefit of all dividends paid till the purchase is completed. Fuller particulars will be given on application to—

LONDON & PROVINCIAL EXCHANGE,
LIMITED,
Share Dealers and General Bankers,
40-42, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.
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Telephones: 4710, 4711, 4712, Wall.

All dealings in Stocks and Mining Shares are transacted at nett close prices, free of Commission, whether for Immediate Settlement, Fortnightly Stock Exchange Account Days, or for Three Months Forward Delivery at Special Quotations.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

Investment Brokers.—Replying to F. W. E. (Hornsey), in our issue of September 12th, a correspondent tells us that he had some correspondance with "Monelles," which has led him to form a very unsatisfactory opinion of their methods of doing business.

National General Insurance Corporation.—S. T. G. (Finchley).—(1) Our advice to you would coincide with that of your broker. (2) We know nothing reassuring about the India-rubber company you name.

Claim to Dividend.—H. S. (Thornton Heath).—Upon the facts as you state them, you would appear to be entitled to the dividend.

Two Mining Shares.—J. G. (Limerick).—(1) Both would be a very speculative purchase. (2) We rather differ from your friend as to Boots' preference shares.

Jamaica Company.—Warrington (Sunderland).—We know of no new company of anything like the name you give, but there was one formed, if we remember rightly, last year of a somewhat similar name; but it is not of a kind for the prudent investor to be concerned with. It is usually better to accept with considerable reserve the statements of friends who promise you very large dividends as the result of investing in new ventures.

London Trading Bank.—Coleman (Strand).—It is perfectly safe.

Tracy Miller and Company.—C. M. (Hull).—We are obliged to you for your letter. You will see we have referred to these people elsewhere in this issue. R. L. S. (Torquay).—We thank you for the copy of "Stubbs' Gazette" you send us.

Investment of £3,000.—F. D. W. (Gray's Inn Road).—The following securities would give you 3 per cent. and a little over, with ample security: Barnsley 3 per Cent. stock, Middlesbrough 3½ per Cent., London and North-Western 4 per Cent. Consolidated Guaranteed, Midland Preferred Converted Ordinary, Gas Light and Coke 3½ per Cent. Maximum, Sheffield United Gas Light "A," Imperial Tobacco 5½ per Cent. Preference, Brunner, Mond and Company's Preference, National Telephone First Preference.

Provincial Homes Company.—G. D. (Leeds).—We should continue to pay in. A. G. (Leeds).—The question is whether the company, in refusing to accept £326, departed from the conditions of their contract with you. Can you show that they did so? If so, we shall be prepared to go into the matter.

Chatham Ordinary.—A. L. (Bletchingley).—It was a very speculative purchase, and we should hold for the present. Just now is not a favourable time to sell railway stocks.

Purchase of Bonds.—Reader (Cardiff).—The bonds are genuine, but the persons you name would charge you very much above the market rate.

Two Institutions.—T. P. S. (Cork).—Have nothing to do with the first of the societies you name. We have no information as to the second.

Safe Deposit.—A. F.—We do not recommend it. The interest is too high.

Natal Premier Portland Cement Company, Limited.—Atlas (Wimbledon).—We do not consider the company meets your requirements as explained in your letter to us.

Paris and London Bank.—H. L. (Bracknell).—We cannot advise it.

Flotation of Company.—Ajax (Plymouth).—We cannot give you any precise figure. Sometimes an arrangement is made with the solicitor to do the necessary work for a fixed sum.

National Benefit Trust.—L. E. R. (Glasgow).—It is a sound and long established concern.

Penman's Bonds.—F. T. (Bayswater).—We cannot recommend your doing so.

Two Railway Stocks.—Nitrite (Chatham).—The Grand Trunk stock is more likely to improve in value than the Furness. As a lock-up, Grand Trunk ordinary is attractive.

Investment of £100.—A. B. (Brighton).—If you take our advice, you will put the £100 into some good industrial security. All the mining shares you name represent very speculative securities.

Lloyd, Thomas and Company.—Regular Reader (Maida Vale).—We never recommend acceptance of offers of employment which are subject to a large deposit in cash.

German Lotteries.—Rex (Cardiff).—We are in entire agreement with you, but the Post Office authorities seem to have great difficulty in stopping the circulation of these lottery papers. Why, we do not know.

Mining Debentures.—F. W. W. (Elgin Avenue).—We do not advise the purchase. J. S. (Boston Spa).—Do not touch them. C. J. H. (Oastbridge).—Do not touch these debentures, and we give you similar advice respecting the shares.

Druce Limited.—Micky (Manchester).—We are afraid you must look upon the money as lost.

Accident Insurance Offices.—J. R. (Darlington).—The Century, whose head office is at Edinburgh, may be safely recommended for your purpose, also the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, of 36, Moorgate Street, or the Fine Art and General Insurance Company, of 89, Cheapside, E.C., a non-tariff office. It is a young company, but has won a very strong position for itself.

The African Freehold Coal Lands, Limited.—L. W. C. (Luton).—We should not advise you to do so.

Temple Fire and Accident Insurance Corporation.—J. R. (Bristol).—Yes, we think so.

Anglo-French Trust Company.—Sussex (Worthing).—We really do not know how to advise you in the matter. We fear your £20 is gone.

Refuge Insurance Company.—S. R. (Hounslow).—We certainly think the company, having regard to the number of years you had paid in and the fact that you had ceased to be a member through no fault or desire of your own, might have stretched a point and let you have the £2, but, if they will not do so, you can do nothing. You have no legal claim upon them.

Kent Concessions Collieries.—Alpha.—It is not a purchase we can recommend.

British and Foreign Securities Company.—A. A. D.—Messrs. Ellis and Salamon informed you correctly. The company is in liquidation. We fear you must consider your claim a bad debt.

Government and Municipal Securities, Limited.—N. R. (Whitehead).—We are disposed to think so.

Congo Bonds.—E. B. (St. Colomb).—You would be very foolish to let McDonald and Co. have your Congo Bond for £3 1s. 6d. "less their commission."

Perpetual Investment Building Society.—T. P. R. (Dulwich).—Yes, a very sound society.

London, Edinburgh and Glasgow Insurance Company.—Canvasser (Pontypridd).—Probably in law your bonds are liable, but, if the facts are as you state them, we are confident that the company would not enforce their claim.

Scottish Sickness and Accident Insurance Company.—R. N. D. (Cardiff).—We think not.

Eastwood and Company.—Anxious (Liverpool).—The answer to both your questions is in the negative.

Provident Association of London.—G. W. (Lancashire).—It is long established and financially strong. R. B. C. (Camilla Road) directs "F. G.'s" attention to the fact that it is possible for a member who is in difficulties to cease paying his instalments for several years, and to then resume where he left off. That is to say, in the case of a 30-year period, he may lapse on, say, the fourth year, and, on explaining the circumstances to the association, may almost invariably resume the remaining 26-years' payments when he is able to do so.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

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What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

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COTTON'S STORM CLOUDS.

AND TRAGEDIES THEY ARE HIDING.

By JAMES SHERLIKER.

"Five Per Cent.: A Tragedy" is being staged by Lancashire once more. Act I., the Masters' demand for a reduction, was concluded a month ago. Act. II., the Workers' resistance, quickly succeeded it. Now we are in the middle of Act III., which depicts the operative spinners agreeing to the reduction, but the cardroom workers, the reelers, and winders refusing. The masters look on anxiously, the chancelloresses of the home exchequers tremble, the pawnbrokers re-arrange their shelves and make more room, and Strike is ready, when this act is finished, to put on the grand fight between Capital and Labour, which is the thriller of the piece.

The whole thing is as ridiculous as it is serious. Strikes are Lancashire's curse. They have never done any good, and they never will; and if in the present dispute arbitration is not introduced until the battle has been waged for some time—as usually happens—we shall have another of those sad pictures which are a disgrace to the cotton county, a reflection on the common-sense of the operatives, and a disgusting blot on British industry.

Briefly, the situation is this: Trade in Lancashire for some time has been very bad. It has occurred to the Masters that the tension could be lessened if the operatives would accept a reduction of five per cent. from their weekly earnings, and, anticipating acquiescence, they have intimated their intention to take it. But it has occurred to the Workers that the proposed reduction would not improve matters a bit, and in justice to them it must be said that the arguments they have brought forward are quite as sensible and as strong as those advanced by the employers.

And here, to those who know strikes and have been in them, and have gazed on their ruin, here is the hour for a third party. Arbitration ought to be admitted immediately, and the Government would do well to shelve matters of lesser importance and try to settle this one. For Lancashire, somehow, is beneath Strike's ban. These trade crises have much more to do with her occasional depression than many people realise. They cause many a good Master to close his mill; they introduce Lancashire youth to idleness just at the age when idleness is a menace. But it is no use—at least, it was not any use—to go to the cotton county and oppose these strikes. If the trade unions say strike, strike there will be. It is useless to remind them of the consequent evils. You may recall how strikes have helped to fill workhouses and a lot of graves, and have led many a clever lad to waste his talents in the Army. You may point to the women. You may remark that to ask the child to share the fight, and go on short rations, is wrong. You may observe that to place young girls within the zone of don't-care-what-happens-I-must-live is a grave crime against morality and against parentage. You might as well try to harness the wind. If the men say strike, then strike there will be.

All very ridiculous! It is hard to believe that working men can be so eager to play with their livings. It is harder still to understand how employers, who are supposed to represent industry's brains, can be so ignorant as not to sound the alarm for arbitration until the blaze has practically made the water useless.

Sound the trumpet of Arbitration, and the chances are we shall soon hear that the present crisis has expired of its own howling. It is time strikes were hurled back to the barbarism whence they sprang. Lancashire has had more of them than is good for her. Let her remember the lessons they have taught her. She has had more than her share of battles with blacklegs, strike riotings, and filtering of her independence through the county court, and the pawnshop, and the office of the money-lender. Her strikes, too, have contributed far too much northern dialect to the nightly babel of tongues that we hear in Leicester Square. Nor does she want any more pictures of hypocrisy such as strikes like to paint on the canvas of religion. To hear a preacher pray for peace, and to hear the responses taken up by the employers and the children of the strikers, is to get an impression that sticks far too long.

Without meaning to be at all irreverent, I want to say that strikes are never settled in places of worship, and to my mind, to pray for peace and at the same time to slam the door in the face of the Arbitrator is nothing more nor less than an insult to the God whose help we are seeking. Evils of earth require earthly remedies, and if Lancashire wants to save the situation, she must call in, not a preacher, but a practical man.

Smokers unable to obtain "Luntin" from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending six penny stamps to the Manufacturers,

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De Dion, 10-12 h.p.	200	55 0 0	14 8 9
Dennis, 16-20 h.p.	150	41 5 0	10 16 7
Herald, 30 h.p.	250	68 15 0	18 0 1
Peugeot, 10-12 h.p.	120	33 0 0	8 13 4
Panhard 24-35 h.p.	350	96 5 0	25 5 4
Simms, 18 h.p.	120	33 0 0	8 13 4
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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Woman at the Wheel.

Motor-cars and their wicked ways are being much discussed at present, and, incidentally, we are hearing very diverse views at to whether or not fair ladies should drive their own cars. Unquestionably it is a proceeding that calls for a tremendous amount of nerve, but now that it is no longer the fashion for women to faint and scream, we are discovering that they are on the whole as much endowed by nature with courage and resource as the Lords of Creation. The hope is expressed that if women drivers become more general we shall not have so many mad motors careering through the country highways, leaving a trail of slaughtered hens and dogs, and nerve-shaken, dust-covered pedestrians in their rear. Perhaps there is some truth in this—at all events it does no harm to hope so. Unquestionably quite a number of women are every whit as daring, as reckless—and, if the truth of the matter be told—as callously selfish—as any of their brothers; but the average female would perhaps be more easily persuaded to "go slow." That it would not be lack of nerve that prompted them to withstand the passion for speed that seems to become the bane of the motor-lover, is proved by the fact that the winner of the Ladies' race at Brooklands racing-track recently travelled at the rate of fifty miles an hour—nearly a mile a minute!

Early Autumn Hats.

The large hat is not only fashionable and often becoming—it is not infrequently very useful. In this beautiful sunny weather many a woman has been able to dispense with the trouble of carrying a parasol, and has yet had her precious and dainty face in perfect shadow. That some of the new *chapeaux* are of staggering proportions is undeniable, and, what is more, quite short, little ladies do not hesitate to patronise the most outrageously large circles of straw or lace. Soft folds of ribbon arranged in many a loop, bow and knot are quite a feature of autumn millinery. Sometimes three or even four different tints will be thus introduced on one headgear—and not look too florid either. A very big hat cannot well be trimmed with flowers. Such a large number of blossoms would be required to make any show on the huge shapes, that the poor little wearer would be compelled to support her head with her hands, so dire would be the weight. On the other hand little hats are not out of date, if they be preferred. Characteristic of many another was the dainty little hat worn by Miss Asquith at one of her mother's garden parties. It was a small mob cap of white muslin and lace, having a pale blue silk rosette on either side.

A Paragraph Concerning Art.

Mr. Claude Phillips, the art-critic, has been uttering words of encouragement concerning the possibilities shown by the rising generation of feminine painters. Until fairly recently women's artistic productions have borne the hall-mark of the many social conventions that surround a woman's life. English ladies have done well with flower subjects, domestic animals, children, and so on, while the female painters of France—the more artistic nation—have been inclined to go to the other extreme, and show "a spirit of grim rebellion" on their canvases. But times are changing—no man could better the true strength and realism of Lady Butler's war-scenes, or the supreme beauty of Henrietta Rae's classical nude figures. Year by year women are being granted greater freedom in every way, and this will bear fruit in the world of art. Who can tell how many women have never developed their powers to the utmost for fear of the frowns of Mrs. Grundy? Mrs. Henrietta Rae tells how some years ago she was preparing an exhibition of women's work, and there came into her hands a magnificent and powerful picture painted by a woman many a long year ago. It was so much stronger, both in conception and technique, than was considered "ladylike" at the time it was done, that the outcry it aroused was such that the coward whose handiwork it was had never dared exhibit anything more, and so died quite unknown. But now women are not only being allowed, but even encouraged, to cast aside the shackles of "ladylikeness" in every form of art, and the standard of the work of young women artists is, we are told, already raised thereby. I wonder if they ever pause to consider the privilege that is theirs in living now-a-days instead of, say, sixty years ago?

A CLUB AT HOME.

A very brilliant French lady of the Court of Louis XIV. was asked by an equally illustrious gentleman to share his lot with him. The lady's reply was that she would be delighted to do so, "But, ah, what could we do with the evenings?"

An everlastingly recurring problem, because the club counts for so much with the husband. Why not create club attractions at home? Give him his cigar and his billiards at home, and play with him yourself. A table in an ordinary room will accommodate a miniature billiard-table, or the latter can be dining and billiard table in one. It is the table that is miniature, not the billiards, and the cost is so small that one should not delay a single day in sending for catalogue to the makers, E. J. Riley, Ltd., Willow Brook Billiard Works, Accrington.—[Advt.]

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LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

THE HURLY BURLY.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

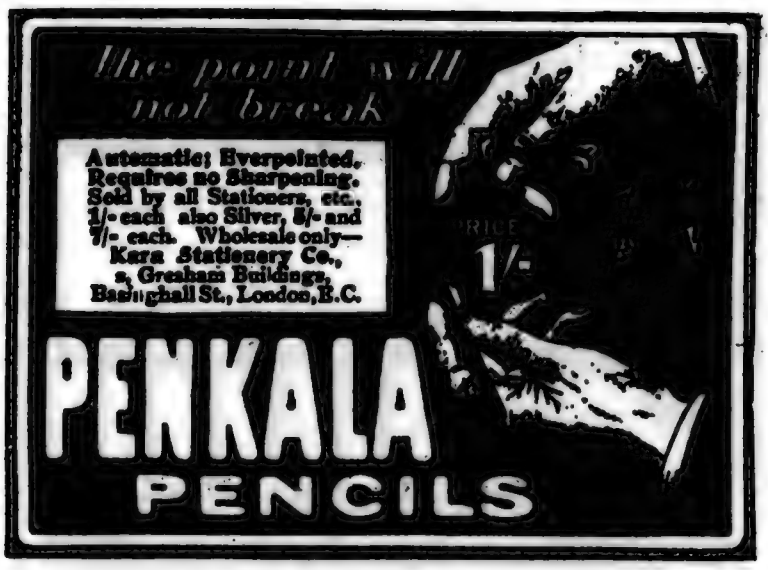
DR. DOYEN, METHUSALEH, AND WHITE BLOOD CORPUSCLES.

According to Dr. Doyen, "the preservation of human life through several centuries depends solely on man." This is what he told the Congress of Medicine at Geneva the other day. Dr. Doyen is far-seeing, and it would ill-beseem me to deny any professional possibility upon which he cares to speculate. All the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died. And all the days of Methusaleh were nine hundred sixty and nine years, and he died. And Noah lived after the Flood three hundred and fifty years. And all the days of Noah were nine hundred and fifty years, and he died. I mention these instances of human persistence in order to show that, if the talented literary gentlemen who wrote the book of Genesis are to be credited, there was a time when ripe old age was a sort of hereditary gift in the family. All the sons and grandsons and great-grandsons of Adam had it. Cainan, who begat Mahalaleel at seventy, lived eight hundred and forty years afterwards, and then he increased the population with other sons and daughters. Methusaleh did even better for his country. He was an hundred eighty and seven years when he begat Lamech, lived seven hundred eighty and two years after that great performance, and then begat other sons and daughters also. As they say in Yorkshire, there's nowt ta beeat t'young uns bar t'owd uns.

Dr. Doyen affirms that for man to reach the age attributed to our old friend Methusaleh is not beyond the bounds of possibility, and I will go as far as to agree with him; nothing is. It is possible that a thousand years hence you and I will still be enjoying our food and even singing lullabies to our own six-months-old babies in the cradle, if married; or, if not, telling the old, old story to some maiden of nine hundred summers on the benches in the park. On the whole, however, the possibility does not seem probable, and to prevent disappointment and embarrassment to others, we may as well make our wills sooner.

Now what is life? To use the oft-quoted definition of Herbert Spencer, "it is the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences." That is not as hard a saying as it seems. If we could maintain continual mastery over all the internal changes in the human machine which make for death, if we were continually adaptive to any and every change of environment, we should conquer the grave. In extreme old age the machine simply rusts out, wears out, or stops for want of fuel. With most of us it breaks down beyond repair in some one or more of its essential parts, in a heart, or brain, or lung. The longer you can prevent wear, or rust, or breakdown, the longer, obviously, the machine will go. At its best, it already goes longer than any other machine made by human hands. And, unlike the machine on which this is printed, it is not only in a large degree self-repairing, but replaces itself over and over again. It is as if, having bought a machine knowing it would be useless at the end of seven years, you discovered at the end of the time that, far from being ready for the scrap heap, it had miraculously transformed itself into a new one.

But there comes a time when this wonderful machine as we know it to-day refuses to replace itself, repair itself, or allow itself to be repaired. The moment when it will cease to move is indefinite, but almost certainly within the limit of a hundred years. How, then, are we to extend that known limit to the legendary one of Methusaleh, Cainan, and Noah? That problem is for Dr. Doyen. If he has discovered the genuine Elixir of Life, he has solved it.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New sections of Banking have to be created, and the increasing requirements of customers specially and carefully catered for.

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The Prospectus just issued by this Bank is worth attention and study, dealing as it does very fully and minutely with the increased benefits and advantages that can now be secured by Country customers with London Banks. The question of Current Accounts for small Traders is dealt with, also the vexed point of interests on deposits. The issue of Guaranteed Bankers' Cheques is fully discussed and explained, and a chapter devoted to Banking Profits and the Public is well worth the careful perusal of those who have banking accounts or contemplate opening a banking account in London.

A copy of this Prospectus will be forwarded post free on mentioning JOHN BULL to THE SECRETARY,

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AGENTS REQUIRED ON SALARY AND COMMISSION.

COME, COME, MR. GLADSTONE.

THE SHOE-BLACK MUST COME OUT.

What do our readers think of this?

I am not a betting man myself, except occasionally I have a half-dollar on my fancy, but knowing you are in favour of free trade in everything, I should like to draw your attention to a case that came under my notice yesterday. A poor boot-black, whose stand is opposite the Elephant and Castle, was approached by two so-called men, detectives, who asked if he could get them "on a bit." "Yes, he could do so." "Come on, old man, and have a drink." With the result they gave him a paper, and then immediately arrested him for betting, when the real criminals are at large. The poor devil was fined £10 or a month, which he is doing. Is it right that the ratepayers should have to support him in Brixton Prison? I shall soon begin to think we are in Russia.

Have always been a great admirer of JOHN BULL, but am afraid this is too insignificant for you to take notice of.

Our correspondent is quite in error in thinking such a matter "too insignificant" for us to notice. It is part of our *raison d'etre* to deal with incidents of this kind. Is it any wonder that murderers are still at large when the time and ingenuity of the police are being occupied in this wretched fashion? If the facts be in any way as stated by our correspondent, Mr. Gladstone should order the immediate release of the shoe-black.

WILL SLATER'S EXPLAIN?

We beg to call the attention of the directors of Slater's, Limited, to the following letter. We hesitate to accept all its statements as true, but they come to us from a responsible quarter, and we hope the directors will favour us with a reply:—

I would like to bring to your notice a few facts in connection with Slater's in Oxford Street (nearly opposite the Oxford Street Tube Station). The girls get the huge sum of 5s. per week and "tips," but in spite of this, on the top of each menu is printed "No Gratuities"! Their hours are from 8.30 a.m. to 8 p.m., with two early nights a week (6 o'clock). On certain occasions (it has happened quite often recently) the girls have had to be in business at 6 o'clock a.m., and work till 8 p.m. without any extra payment. The "limit" was reached on Friday (the 11th inst.). The girls were informed that they would have to be at work at 6.30 on Sunday morning and work till 8 p.m. Some of them were told to sleep in the ladies' room on the premises if they could not be at work in time. When certain of the girls remonstrated at having to come on Sunday, they were told that they ought to be pleased to come to work. They get *no* extra money for this Sunday work.

For the *smallest offences* the girls get their early nights stopped; the food given to them is generally cold and fat, and nearly always a dish termed "Irish stew," which, I am told, is scarcely fit to eat.

"A HIDEOUS HUMAN DOCUMENT."

In response to our article headed as above, we have received on behalf of McLagan the following sums:—

	£	s.	d.
"S."	1	0	0
Mr. Jones		5	0
J. F. Mason		4	0
Joseph Close		2	6
James Box		2	6
"Namenot"		2	0
R. J. G.		2	0
"Swindon"		1	0

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See Page 293.

£126,150

PAID TO CLIENTS!

Over one-eighth of a million sterling has been paid to Clients by the National Share Exchange in just over twenty months.

DON'T BE HOODWINKED.

One or two firms are now busy assiduously copying not only our Booklets but also our advertisements. At least two firms have publicly stated that they have paid away over £60,000 to Clients within a few months—a fact *we* know, and *they* know, to be wilfully false and misleading. We can protect our documents by injunction in the High Court, but as the public are liable to be grossly misled by thinking that such statements as to payments to Clients are at least partially accurate, we issue this

WORD OF WARNING.

The National Share Exchange, of Great Winchester Street, London, challenge any firm to produce Original Cheques for over One-Eighth of a Million sterling, paid to genuine *bona-fide* Clients for speculative transactions since January last year, and consequently they claim to be in a position to speak with authority.

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Twenty-eight firms that we have warned people against during the last 12 months have disappeared. Whenever one reads advertisements of money paid away, it is easy to have the statement verified. Insist—and do not be satisfied with EVASION, EQUIVOCATION, or RESERVATION—insist strenuously upon a full and complete test of accuracy.

1. Demand a Chartered Accountant's Certificate to the effect that the money alleged to have been paid away has been paid, not for Lotteries, Limericks, Bonuses, Prizes, or for Investments, or to friends under different names, but to *bona-fide* Clients, speculating in the ordinary way of business and within the period stated in the advertisement; or
2. Demand a Sworn Affidavit or Declaration to the above effect; or
3. Demand to have a Copy of each Individual Cheque, aggregating the sum total alleged to have been paid to Clients. Pick out 50 or 100 cheques (more or less) and go yourself or send a representative to the firm and inspect not only the cheques, but the respective entries in Cash, Ledger, and Bargain Books.

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SIR,—Please send me (gratis and post free) your full terms of business, the 36th Edition of your Booklet entitled "The Science of Money-Making," Unsolicited Testimonials, and a list of separate Cheques, amounting in all to over £126,000, paid to Speculators who have recently followed your advice. Send also a Search Form that I may be able to select any cheque or batch of cheques and personally or by proxy inspect them.

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J.B. 126.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME CURIOUS ANAGRAMS:—
Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill—Wire, "Pinnacle," N.L.C.: "On, crush the Lords!"
Arthur James Balfour—Abjure "fur hat" morals.
Herbert John Gladstone—Handle the stronger job.
Herbert Henry Asquith—Query, in the "rash" berth?
Joseph Austen Chamberlain—"One-speech" man; just a "crib."
David Lloyd George—Very legal; did good.
Augustine Birrell—"Tribal Rule" genius!
James Keir Hardie—"Am I a kid—*I?*" he jeers.
William Jennings Bryan—"My brains win! Jangle, nil."
Lord Charles Beresford—Scold half-breed errors.
George Bernard Shaw—How "red ragers" began; he's a brag-grown reed.
Gilbert K. Chesterton—O bring letter sketch.
Jack Barnato (Israel) Joel—A joker's trial—a clean job?
Robert Standish Sievier—This rot is severe brand!

In view of the Old Age Pensions Act 70 is the dot-age.

Some burglars cracked a crib, but cracked too many bottles, and they were caught napping.

At a ball in New York the women represented flowers. We expect there were a number of daisies present.

While a yachtsman was engaged on the beach, he found two gold rings. Probably a clue to another engagement.

London consumes over eighty million gallons of water per annum Yet Fleet Street is full of thirsty men.

The Paris dressmakers have decided to use leather for their autumn costumes. But what's the use of a dress one can't wear out?

A school to teach people to laugh musically is to be founded at Milan. They should practice on the high C's.

"The latest style among the Smart Set is to turn young boys and girls out barefoot," says *Footwear*. And barefaced.

"The airship crank of a year ago is a scientist to-day," says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. The crank has got a turn.

A sixpenny eyeglass is but a poor outfit for an intellectual career, but it is all many aspirants possess.

The reply to the question, "Are spirit photos possible?" will always be in the negative.

Mr. Hugh Turner, of Wimborne, has lost his memory, and he can't remember where he lost it.

It may be wise to pretend to be foolish, but it is always foolish to pretend to be wise.

Every dog has his day; every cat has her night.

The coolest place in London is near Hampstead Heath Station. A shop window there bears the legend—
POST OF ICE.

STRAY SCHOOL "HOWLERS":—
A "tour de force" means a "tower of strength."
"Ris de veau 7 la financiere" means "Smile of the calf at the female capitalist."

From a recent issue of an evening paper:—"Will anyone lend young gentleman £100 to start in business? Only security word of honour.—, Holloway Road, N." A little lower down in the column:—"All seeking Flats should call at —."

"I'm sitting on the style, Mary," as the cateless lover said when he flopped down upon his sweetheart's new hat.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," as the Impecunious One said when it came to his turn to pay.

A party of Suffragettes swooped down upon the boating people at Boulter's the other Sunday. They were suffering from an attack of lock jaw.

A train killed two bullocks near Sandwich. A slice of misfortune to be cut up so early.

Sacks of potatoes have been sent to Count Zeppelin. Sympathetic spectators.

We understand that the Plumage Prohibition Bill will not interfere with the Prince of Wales' feathers.

A Dr. Rymer is the first medical man to start a practice within the Arctic Circle. We trust patients won't prove averse to him.

"No picnic party is complete without a refrigerator," says the *Express*. The old-fashioned "wet-blanket" is played out.

SHORTHAND

The Sloan-Duployan system saves a year's study and produces the highest speed. Award of 28 Gold Medals. Illustrated Handbook with specimen lessons free.

Handbook Dept., Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

Catesbys' Suits Still Winning.

THIS Season, as last, finds Catesbys' West End Style Lounge Suits winning greatest possible favour for fineness of style and goodness of fit. No other tailor can point to the same great success.

Ours are truly reliable cloths, good wearing, neatly patterned; the finish of the suits gives complete pleasure, and you will agree with our other customers that we keep the lead for Stylish Lounge Suits at low prices.

N.B.—Say whether you want dark or light cloth patterns.

35/- Easy Terms, 5s. in the £ off for cash down. Write for patterns at once. With patterns and simple self-measurement form we send a splendidly illustrated book of new styles.

We Pay Carriage on Suits.

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DON'T

The gift of free and unrestricted speech, the faculty of clear and uninterrupted utterance, the power to put thought into easy expression, is denied to those who stammer, and from both a business and social point of view, the infirmity seriously detracts from life's progress and happiness.

Mr. Alfred Appelt, once an inveterate and apparently hopeless stammerer, has to-day regained perfect freedom of utterance, and has bestowed similar blessings on many fellow-sufferers.

He treats on entirely new lines, and has recently written a book on the subject entitled "The Stammerer's Guide," which should be read by all sufferers.

The book is obtainable, post free, by

STAMMER

writing to Mr. Alfred Appelt, Goldington Grange, Bedford.

Wolsey Underwear

All pure wool

Replaced free

If it shrinks

ARFIE (Regd.) relieves skin troubles such as Boils, Eczema, Sores, Erysipelas, Blood-poisoning, Bad Legs, Piles, etc.; also Sore and Inflamed Eyes.

"Not temporary relief, but lifelong cure."

Of Chemists—Boots, Ltd., Lewis's, Manchester, or direct, post paid, 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d., from

Arfie, Ltd., Rochester, Kent.

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LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.
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Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.
Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 5 "
" 12 " " " 7 "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 38 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

"The Divine Mahatma—A Passion Play."

I have read or seen many strange plays in my time, but none more curious than "The Divine Mahatma," which was produced privately on Saturday evening at the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater. Its author, Mr. Lion Margrave, sent me an advance copy of his "Passion play," and I had read it with mingled wonder and amusement when the *Daily Chronicle* burst out with a demand that its production should be prohibited. The *Daily Chronicle* did not say who was to prohibit "The Divine Mahatma," or how this was to be done; as a matter of fact, legally it could not be done at all. Had Mr. Lion Margrave proposed to stage "The Divine Mahatma" publicly, he would have been compelled to ask the Lord Chamberlain to license it; and the Lord Chamberlain would have refused. Of that there is no doubt. Presuming that a censorship of plays can ever be justified, and I do not think it can, it would be justified by the suppression of plays like this of Mr. Lion Margrave. But the state of the British drama will be even worse than it is at present if any authority is ever given the right to do what the *Daily Chronicle* suggested should be done somehow in this case—namely, prevent an author from giving his friends and the Press an opportunity of seeing any play he may have written, because some too-devout writer for the Press, after reading the printed version, does not think the play is a proper play.

Shows to See.

The new Druriodrama touches high-water mark. Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton are masters at this sort of thing; and their "Marriages of Mayfair" is excellent. A remarkably clever drama, as impossible as all such dramas should be, it is still full of actuality and good writing. The situations are tremendous, and the staging is a marvel of skilled production. Old Drury has seldom had a better play; it has never had a better company; and I congratulate everybody concerned on what should prove a certain record-breaker. Manager Dingwall saw the piece when it was only half-rehearsed, and at once secured the rights for the United States—which suggests that Manager Dingwall knows his business. London just now is singularly full of capital shows, and most of them are doing finely. I dropped into the Oxford last week to find Mr. Blyth Pratt looking exceptionally well after his French holiday, during which he won swimming races and did all sorts of other things. What a bill! Marie Lloyd, Little Tich, Wilkie Bard, Joe Elvin, Cinquevalli, Ernest Shand, William Dillon (the new American success); these and half-a-dozen others only less notable. And the audiences! The Palace likewise looks as though it continues to earn its 30 per cent. or thereabouts, and the Tivoli, the Alhambra, and the Empire also are booming.

"The Leprechaun."

A number of Scottish readers inform me that Mr. Pickard, of the Glasgow Panopticon, has been advertising that he will give £1,000 to a local charity if the so-called "Leprechaun," which he exhibited at his museum, is not "genuine." I have yet to see the exact terms of Mr. Pickard's challenge, and as he has removed the "Leprechaun" now from the Panopticon, I take it that this challenge has been withdrawn. That the poor creature with whose father Mr. Pickard made what I consider a disgusting bargain, is really the same that was arrested in Ireland after frightening some children, and lodged in Mullingar Union, as not responsible for his actions, I do not deny. But I do deny Mr. Pickard's right to christen this undeveloped being "The Leprechaun." It is no more a lepracaun than it is a unicorn. The lepracaun, as Mr. Pickard would know if he knew anything of Irish literature and legend, is a fabled creature—one of the "solitary fairies." The name comes from the Irish, "leith brog," *i.e.*, the One-Shoemaker, because "he is generally seen working at a single shoe." A few Irish children still believe in the lepracaun, just as our own little ones believe in the personages of Grimm and Andersen. Croker tells how a hundred years ago, at a Tipperary newspaper office, they used to show a little shoe made by a lepracaun, and William Allingham wrote a pretty song about "The Lepracaun, or Fairy Shoemaker." The miserable wretch carted over from Ireland to Glasgow and made an exhibit of there was neither a fairy nor any other kind of shoe-maker; he was a defective person of no means, whereas the lepracaun, as the Irish babies will tell you, has made a fortune in the shoe-trade. In fact, as I said, this is no lepracaun; and it was merely showman's humbug to call it one. If Mr. Pickard cares to send along that thousand pounds to the Glasgow Unemployed Fund, I will insert a note of acknowledgment in this column next week. Probably, however, his challenge was drawn up with sufficient ingenuity to offer no serious risk to his banking account.

P.

Answers to Correspondents.

Duncan Cameron (Glasgow).—"P." deals with the lepracaun matter. Send on a copy of Pickard's challenge if you can get hold of one. Are you by any chance the Duncan Cameron that "P." knew in Paris? If so, he will be glad to reopen negotiations.

R. S. Gardiner (Glasgow).—See reply to Duncan Cameron.

Wienerin (Clare Neave).—The information as to the Austrian light opera singer was sent to "P." by a foreign friend. He has destroyed the note and forgets the name, but will get it.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

The Editor replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

OUR CHRISTMAS BOX SCHEME.—In answer to many enquiries, we beg to say that readers giving away copies of our journal to their friends and acquaintances may retain the benefit of the numbers on the covers of such copies by copying such numbers on the coupons they forward us. *This will obviate the necessity for cutting the numbers off the covers.* We cannot, *in connection with this scheme,* supply free copies for distribution.

The Rev. James Weller writes us, with reference to the Bradlaugh incident, that "the facts of the case you allude to are as follows: Many years ago I took a part in the controversy on the subject of Atheism, which ultimately led me to send a challenge to Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant to sign a paper on which were the following words: 'I hereby declare that I do not believe in the existence of a Supreme Being.' To this challenge I received highly unsatisfactory letters, and neither of the persons named signed the paper. The letter from Bradlaugh has been published in the *Daily Telegraph*. I now append the reply from Mrs. Besant, from which you will see that, like the letter from Bradlaugh, it is, to say the least of it, far from convincing or satisfactory. 'Dear Sir,—In my pamphlet "Why I Do Not Believe in God," I fully explain my position with regard to the existence of God; there are few cases in which a universal negative can be proved, and the denial of the existence of God is not one of them; the phrase "the existence of a Supreme Being" is to me meaningless.' I think, Sir, that all educated persons will agree with me that my statements are just and true." We would respectfully point out to the reverend gentleman, however, that, the incident comprised in his recent statement was based upon "one of the last letters Bradlaugh ever wrote," not something which happened "many years ago."

The Rector of Berkeley Hill denies that he ever refers to "*his*" church—which he recognises belongs to the people, he being but their minister. He still maintains that week-days "are the proper days for weddings," although in exceptional cases he is quite ready to perform the ceremony on Sundays. But the reasons he gives are a bit contradictory. First, he says, "We ought not to encourage the desecration of the Lord's Day by wedding festivities," and then that "the *chief reason* is that his time and his colleague's is so fully occupied with services and schools on Sundays." Certainly the time-table which the reverend gentleman sends us does not leave much room for further items, and from all we can gather the Vicar seems to have his heart and soul in his work. If, indeed, he had based his appeal upon the second reason we have quoted, he would have had a better case than he establishes by the introduction of a theological argument.

A. L. M. (Leeds), A. J. C. (Exeter) and others.—You have misunderstood us. See Editorial Notes.

A. J. T. (Glasgow).—Fancy accusing us of "snobbishness" because we say a good word for the memory of Bradlaugh! Sorry you think we have "shown the black rottenness of our heart." *Yours*, by the way, doesn't strike us as very sweet!

"Spectrum" (Stoke Nowington).—You did not notice that "flash powder" was used.

H. J. (Southport) wants us, now that Archdeacon Colley has run away, to extend our "spirit photo" challenge to dear old Johnny Lobb. But he doesn't know Johnny. We *do*.

"Mutton Eye" (London).—As you don't give your name, we simply stick to the interesting document you enclosed.

"Disgusted" (Harringay) applied for a position as shorthand typist, and was asked: "You are a Protestant of course? Have you been confirmed?" We do not quite see how this would have confirmed his stenography.

"Swiss" (Edith Road).—Jim is always glad to hear from your compatriots, but he begs to remind you that he does not yet spell his name with an e. As to your enquiry whether he thinks he can make people better by his articles, he takes the liberty of stating that he does not know and does not care.

C. P. C. (Shirley) says he has studied Board of Trade Returns for over forty years, and never before heard of invisible exports. He adds that "the foreigner is welcome to them." We will not insult the intelligence of our other readers by explaining the meaning of the well-known term.

A. J. F. (London) thinks that the inventor of razorless shaving "ought to be where the dogs cannot bark at him." We presume he means in Heaven.

F. W. C. (London), commenting on the recent Bull's Eye which stated that "Negatives made him positive," says it should have read that "Positives made him positive," and then proceeds to give us numerous technical reasons for his contention. We thank him.

De Novo (London) wants our opinion of the "Ajax" Electrical Belt. But the only belt we are using just now is a belt to support our tennis trousers. We tested the "Ajax" some time ago and found it did generate a current.

T. W. S. (Westbourne Park).—We do not see why an old offender should not be sent to prison merely because he is advanced in years and a sufferer from rheumatism. You ought to join the Criminal Admiration Society.

J. W. L. (Brighton) is in favour of freedom for everybody, except motorists. We regret that we cannot publish his poem, but we will see if we can sing it.

B. G. A. (Woolwich).—We confess that we have no very great sympathy with petty larceny. Besides, how can we pronounce upon the justice of a sentence merely on the strength of a paragraph in a remote country newspaper?

E. J. B. (Surbiton).—You are quite right in thinking Mr. Churchill a fine fellow, and we congratulate you on your common-sense.

S. P. R. (South Farnboro') and many other readers draw our attention to a report about a nugget which weighed 70 oz. and brought in £8,000, but tales about gold-mining are almost as tall as those in which anglers indulge.

J. H. A. (Sheffield).—We gave our opinion of the case in question in the last sentence of the paragraph. We do not see how the defendant can threaten to bring an action to recover his costs. But you do not state the case very clearly.

G. M. (Norbury).—Some of our contributors are more colloquial in their expressions than others. After all, this adds variety to our columns.

E. T. S. (Woodford), by way of showing her gratitude for some attention we have given to an enquiry, has already secured us two new readers. Other enquirers, please note.

E. S. W. (Poultry).—It was certainly thoughtless of Lord Northcliffe to include the arms of a Cromwellian trooper and a steel pistol in a picture of "weapons in use before the invention of gunpowder." But as we have not run to a copy of his encyclopædia, we will not add to his surfeit of biscuits.

E. W. (Palmer's Green) asks if we can tell him why some of the bookstall clerks deliberately offend potential customers. He says that on a recent Saturday he asked the clerk at the station bookstall for a copy of the *Sporting Life*, being desirous of seeing how a pending 24-hours walk was progressing, and his regular paper (*The Times*) holding over the report until the event was finished. Having nothing smaller than half-a-sovereign, he tendered it; the clerk replied that he had no change, and did not offer to procure it. Our correspondent then politely asked if he could be allowed to see the paper for a moment, but was brusquely refused, although he pointed out that he was prepared to pay for it. He says the clerk at Winchmore Hill (the next station on the line) sets the Palmer's Green man an example he would do well, if only for the sake of his firm, to follow.

G. C. A. (Longfield).—We will certainly hand over our unclaimed guineas to the State, provided always that the State will act as our agents and work like niggers to increase our circulation. Bumpers!

A. M. N. (Ramsgate).—We have read the report carefully, but it does not enable us to say whether the magistrates were wise or foolish.

"CONSERVATIVE" (Bridlington).—We did not call Mr. Chamberlain a liar. We said he "over-estimated his case," and that is not precisely the same thing. Thanks for your friendly comments.

R. L. B.-S. (Eastleigh).—It was very good of you to take down the speech in shorthand. We like the phrase: "Now there are two bodies, one the asmatic, the other the cosmetic, the one angelic and intelligible, the other incosmetic and inastartic." The man must have been a spiritualist, or at least a bimetallist.

H. R. (Eastbourne).—It was certainly strange to get up a programme "as a compliment to our French visitors," and then treat them to reminiscences of the French invasion of Russia. But perhaps they were not all Buonapartists.

H. P. T. (Fetter Lane) points out that sterilised toothpicks have been in evidence for the past ten years at every hotel, restaurant and railway dining-car in Europe, and that the *Daily Express* has suddenly discovered their existence and proclaimed them under a special heading. Fiddle-dedee!

R. C. (Manchester) protests against the omission of Jim Crow in No. 118. Jim had gone sleep-walking. But we have waked him up now.

R. H. (Leith).—We are sorry you did not quite pull it off, but we cannot depart from the terms of our number scheme.

A. W. (Ivy Lane).—We are dealing with that gentleman in an Open Letter.

J. E. R. (New Ross) says that Mr. Thomas Boyd, whose name appeared under "The Parson and The Pub," was not a parson, but a well-known solicitor. We must refer him to Somerset House.

W. F. M. (Acocks Green) says he will let us have as many spirit photographs as we please for £100, but we must let him do them at home. He wants us to "give way a little to B'ham readers with regard to our Joey." But we have never said anything against that gentleman since he was overtaken by the illness which we deeply deplore. Nor have we ever doubted for a moment that he has done a great deal for "B'ham." Editors always answer in the plural, because they think themselves equal to Royalty. It is somewhat hasty to conclude that every open space on a smudge in the *Daily Mirror* must be Don Alfonso's mouth.

F. W. M. (Worcester).—We never heard of "autumn ladies," but we hope the phrase has no connection with the fall of the leaf.

H. A. (Haslemere) feels sorry for John Lee, of Brentford, who lost his chance of a pension through stealing plums. H. A. is only a poor man, but if we can find nineteen others, he will contribute one shilling a month to make good the loss.

"VENDRA" (Sunderland).—It was certainly too bad to insert the advertisement "Hennessy Please" just below Jim Crow's outburst over ruddy wine, but we have to put in an occasional advertisement, if only for the benefit of our voracious printer. When Jim goes to Sunderland, he will be very glad to accept your kind proposal to join you in "a little elixir," provided that it is not too little.

"HOPEFUL" (Brockley) says that he regrets to inform us that he has heard some of the most filthy language imaginable used by the men and in some instances by women serving in Italian refreshment shops. Shall we send him a little parcel of cotton wool?

B. B. who gives no address, sends us a beautiful poem, entitled "The Colley and the Bull," and we thought it was meant to be complimentary to us until in the last verse we read:—

"The Spirits would not come, oh no,
To sniff your nose-ous breath.
At any rate I guess you'll go
Among them after death."

Followed by this note: "Quite soon enough for you and your bastard self-conceit." We are glad, at any rate, that our self-conceit isn't genuine.

J. P. (Ilford) tells us a funny little story. At St. James' Church, Clacton-on-Sea, the Rev. Mr. Butler's flock have been having a raffle, and amongst the prizes were a lamb and a pig—rather a mixed flock, but that by the way. A friend of J. P.'s took a chance for the lamb and the pig, and, enquiring later as to his luck, was told that both animals had been won by "John Bull"—which, being interpreted, meant that all the unsold tickets were put down in our name. Before claiming the spoil, however, we should like to know how many unsold tickets there were. We are anxious to assist every good cause, but we can't afford to pay over the market price for our crackling.

J. H. W. (Rochdale).—Funny world, isn't it? We have commented on the irony of it

"ARMIO" (Bromley), H. L. (Goodmayes), R. C. (Manchester), W. J. A. (Strand), L. L., T. E. H. (Ivy Lane), H. G. L. (Birmingham), E. A. A. (South Hackney), F. A. (East Grinstead), C. G. (Honor Oak Park), A. R. (Birmingham), F. D. (Gospel Oak), W. T. D. (Liverpool), "AVIS" (Lutterworth), H. S. (North Kensington), F. McD. (Edinburgh), Miss A. H. (Bristol), "TENTATIVE" (Brighton), J. W. A. (Southsea), A. M. (Dover), H. J. C. (Gateshead), Private W. A. S., "A JOHN BULL" (Pendlebury), Miss M. G. (Chiswick), A. P., "FERRO" (Briton Ferry), G. C. (Brighton), G. S. D. (Glasgow), "NEMO" (Glasgow). Many thanks.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

Don't Judge by Appearances.

Hewitt, the jockey, has the most peculiar seat, but if his mounts are good enough he gets them home.

A Figure of Speech.

When a horse, after being a long way behind, gets up and wins, it is said that "he must have done something to get there."

A Pocket View.

Bookmakers say that it is "a treat" to see the favourite second, when a rare turn-up occurs, for it emphasises the fact of how much they *might* have lost.

'Tis True.

There can be no question that men like "Ike" White and "Issy" Isaacs "make the market," for they are betting for five minutes before other presumably bigger men follow them at pinched odds.

Which?

There are two ways of reading a recent advertisement, that "a thoroughly 'broken' trainer's hack" was for sale. Did the adjective apply to the hack or the trainer?

Huka's Owner.

Mr. Dwarkadas Dharamsey, for whom Martin trains a few horses, has just been appointed to the shrievalty of Bombay, of which he is a prominent citizen.

A Welcome Recruit.

I am pleased to be able to say that next year we shall have another lady owner in Mrs. H. J. Hall, wife of the popular sportsman who runs Collarmaker and a few horses under the pretty scarlet and gold crescent.

So True.

Unquestionably the trainer who goes straightest and has less mystery surrounding his establishment and his horses, invariably does best. Owners of thoroughbreds would be much better served if their trainers troubled a little less about the touts and more about their horses—they would then win more races.

A Veritable "Crack."

There is no such limit as 4st. 7lb.—or at times 4st.—as regards the weights allotted in handicaps in pony racing, as there is in ordinary turf matters. Farthinghoe, who has just died, has carried 13st. 7lb., and given as much as 6st. to several at the bottom of the scale.

An Anomaly.

How remarkable it is that horses are frequently good stayers as two-year-olds, and yet, later in life, do not "get" the same distance. Instances clearly are Billidere and Aristocracy, the latter of whom won mile nurseries, and yet cannot now stay more than five furlongs, although still perfectly sound in wind. With athletes it is invariably exactly the reverse—the older one gets, the better they stay—although apt to lose pace.

Prophetic.

To-day (Thursday) the Newby Nursery at Pontefract must, on the Ayr form, fall to Trill, but the prolific Newbury card at the week end provides very risky speculative chances. In the Autumn Handicap—which should give a fair line to the Cesarewitch, the best handicapped horse is

Father Blind,

who, however, ran badly here in the spring, just prior to his Epsom success: so probably the course does not suit him so well as the ups and downs of the Great Metropolitan track. Moreover, his fall at Doncaster recently, and the subsequent necessity to ease him in work, cannot be in his favour, but if saddled here and fancied, I can see nothing to beat him, the danger, perhaps, being Yellow Peril and Cuffs, the latter nominally penalized. I shall still purposely avoid dealing with the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, as so many things are pending and must have a very serious influence. Moreover, the present prices are farcical, and one will do ever so much better by waiting until nearer the day.

TRADE NOTE.

The Park Motor Company, of 216, Tottenham Court Road, are now showing some 1908 Mercedes models. One car is latest type 1908, a 45-h.p. Mercedes, and is painted Mercedes red, fine lined black and gold. It is equipped with speedometer, two B.R.C. headlights, electric tail and side lamps, tyre carriers, luggage rail, and special leather hood, the body being of the latest "rotund" type, known as the "Resta body." The company have also a Lawton Limousine and two chasses, all the latest 1908 45-h.p. models.

RHODESIA COLD STORAGE.

REORGANISATION COMPLETED.

Mr. P. Lyttleton Gell, the chairman, took the chair last week at Salisbury House at the annual general meeting of the Rhodesia Cold Storage and Trading Company (Limited), held for the dual purpose of considering the report and accounts and eliminating a part of the present title of the company, so that the name should be reduced to the "Rhodesia Trading Company (Limited)."

The chairman said that, after the terrible depression of the past few years, it was gratifying to be able to say that "the worst was behind them." The improvement had continued in the current year, and for the four months, April to July, the sales had been £65,160, against £54,440 in the corresponding period of 1907, and £53,760 in 1906. The company were now in negotiation with the West Australian Government with a view to the sale to it of a portion of its surplus cold storage plant.

The chairman said that, by negotiations with the vendors, the amount of the loss had been reduced which they had to face. He could now say that the necessary reorganisation of the business of the company was at last completed, and the company was established on lines that gave promises for greater success.

The directors had surrendered a portion of their own fees to make up the remuneration of the new managing director, Mr. D. N. Shaw. Success could not be made by mere economics, and the expenses out there were terrific when artisans could get 20s. to 30s. per day. The board asked the shareholders to approve of the appointment of two small committees of Preference and Ordinary shareholders with a view of fully considering the position and to arrive at a scheme to be submitted to a future extraordinary general meeting.

The resolutions were agreed to after some discussion, and the change in the name of the company approved.

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TAKE

notice of the least symptom of disquietude, and promptly attend to yourself. That disinclination to exertion which you have to-day is the first warning: the stomach wants regulating. If you are wise you will put the mischief right while it is easy to do it. A little neglect and the stomach will get hopelessly slow and will get slower and slower until it will need drastic measures to make it go at all. It will be much worse than an irregular clock: this only causes you to lose your train; an uncertain stomach will make you lose your work. Keep your stomach up to time and the whole system "keeps time," too: work is a pleasure and comes easy. It is as easy to be healthy as to be always ailing; do as the healthy do—take

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